THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1893.

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S letter to the *Times* of Monday last was a singularly ridiculous performance. It brought a charge against Sir William Harcourt and the Government of having been guilty of a "dirty trick" in giving notice at midnight, on the previous Friday, of their intention to move the suspension of the twelve o'clock rule at the sitting of the House on Monday. Mr. Chamberlain elaborated this charge in his most venomous manner, and made it the occasion for pointing some of his most vicious innuendoes at Mr. Morley, regarding whom he seems now quite unable to speak with common politeness. On Monday, when the House met, it was seen that Mr. Balfour was by no means disposed to follow the lead of the Member for Birmingham, and the storm which the latter had attempted to raise did not burst forth. But we have not seen anywhere a statement of the reason which led Mr. Balfour to snub his ally so unmercifully. The truth was that Mr. Chamberlain had allowed himself to be befooled in the most egregious manner. The "dirty trick" of which he accused Sir William Harcourt existed only in his own fastidious imagination. The notice of motion which, according to him, was only handed in at midnight—when, of course, it was likely to pass unobserved by the House—was really given to the clerks by Sir William Harcourt before seven o'clock. Mr. Chamberlain himself is now aware of this fact, but we have not observed that he has thought it necessary to offer any apology for having made a statement which was absolutely without foundation.

THE meeting of the Conservative party at the Carlton Club on Wednesday afforded proof of the fact that the Opposition is just now in a state of something like demoralisation. No doubt the result of the Grimsby election has done a little to cheer them, but they cannot shut their eyes to two significant facts. The first is that their party in the House of Commons has been, so far, completely out-generalled by the Government; and the second, that the country shows no disposition to respond to the frantic appeals which they are making to it on the question of Home Rule. Lord Salisbury, who has just given a very significant proof of his forecast of the political situation by accepting the presidency of the meeting of the British Association to be held in the autumn of 1894, is not the man who can reunite his forces at such a time as the present. The personal rivalry between Mr. Balfour and Lord Randolph Churchill will have to be fought out to the end, and the young bloods of the Opposition will need to cut their wisdom-teeth before the Unionist party will again be strong and united.

IN the meantime the Opposition is not only resorting to obstructive tactics for the purpose of delaying the debate on the Home Rule Bill, but is openly declaring its intention to make use of the extremest measures in order to prevent progress with public business. The *Westminster Gazette* printed the other day a document which has been circulated among the members of the Tory party, the clear purpose of which is to show them how they can waste the greatest amount of time in the discussion of the Estimates. So far from disapproving of this measure, the leading organs of the Opposition in the press are openly advising their party to adopt this policy. It seems, then, that we are face to face with a deliberate and determined conspiracy on the part of the opponents of the Government, the object of which is to kill the Ministerial measures, not by fair fighting, but by obstruction. Now we do not believe that public opinion is so effectual as a means of preventing this gross abuse as it ought to be. The public, in fact, hardly understands either the nature of the offence of Parliamentary obstruction, or its gravity. Fortunately, however, Parliament has armed the Executive with certain weapons of defence against this unfair mode of warfare. These weapons Ministers will have to use freely and constantly against their opponents. The precedents which were set by the late Government during the passing of the Coercion Bill afford an example which Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues will be absolutely justified in following now.

WHILST obstruction is the favourite method of the Unionists in the House, out of doors they are resorting to clamour and misrepresentation of the most flagrant kind. We speak elsewhere of the hollow and hypocritical agitation which is being organised on the subject of Ulster. Men who have never mastered even the rudimentary facts as to the condition of that province are now loudly proclaiming that a great and loyal Protestant population is about to be placed by force under the domination of the Catholic priesthood. In order to lend force to this false assertion, Lord Salisbury and his colleagues are arranging for a series of costly theatrical demonstrations, by means of which they hope to influence public opinion in England We do not

pretend to complain of their conduct in spending their money in evoking this kind of stage-thunder. We can only trust that the good sense of the people of Great Britain will enable them to distinguish between the true and the false, and to see the absolute hollowness and unreality of the cry raised with regard to Ulster.

But, in one direction, the Tory leaders are going very far, and are reaching a point perilously near absolute illegality. The doctrine preached by Lord Randolph Churchill as to the right of Ulster to fight for the purpose of preventing the establishment of Home Rule is now carried a step further. We are now not only assured that Ulster will fight, but that those to whom the guardianship of the laws is entrusted—our soldiers and sailors—will refuse to obey their orders if those orders should run counter to the wishes and opinions of the Tory party. General officers are writing anonymously to the papers to declare that they will never lead their troops against the people of Ulster, and their sentiments are applauded in the press. These declarations are possibly too contemptible to deserve notice so long as the men who make them skulk under the shield of anonymity. But, if they were to be carried into effect they would imply a great act of treason on the part of those who have sworn to be loyal to their constitutional Sovereign. It is well to remember that the people who are thus preaching the sentiments of the rebel belong to the party which has waxed so virtuously indignant over every unguarded or violent speech delivered by a Home Ruler. For our part, we no more believe in the possibility of the kind of treason hinted at by these correspondents of the papers than in the possibility of Ulster offering a violent resistance to Home Rule. The threats of both are part of the stage-thunder on which the party of Coercion now relies.

The ludicrous breakdown which befel the Carlton Club Compact the very first night it was sought to put it in operation does not argue well for the future of the hydra-headed leadership under which the Opposition is now advancing to its destiny. We use the word hydra-headed with intention. The hydra had numerous heads, and their peculiarity was that when one was put down several more came on. We have seen Mr. Balfour put down and Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Chamberlain come on. We have seen Lord Randolph and Mr. Chamberlain put down and Mr. James Lowther and Mr. "Tommy" Bowles come on. Behind Mr. Bowles and Mr. Lowther, Mr. Bartley and Mr. Yerburgh are waiting impatiently. Lord Salisbury (another head), growing alarmed at this state of things, assembled all these leaders at the Carlton Club on Wednesday, and read them a weighty lecture on how they ought to do it. If obstruction is to be a success in the House of Commons, he explained, it ought to be a cardinal rule not to take divisions unless Mr. Balfour gave the word. They all went away, we were informed, vowing solemnly to act upon this sage tip. On Thursday night, however—the first night after the Compact—Mr. James Lowther broke his vow. Mr. Balfour not only gave no word for a division on the Army Estimates, but gave a word against it. Mr. Lowther rebelled, led his men into the lobby, and bestowed upon the Government a handsome majority of eighty-five. The Government have no reason to complain. They are entertained and fortified by these proceedings; but it is distressing to one's faith in human nature to see solemn compacts so quickly broken.

The result of the Grimsby election was a great disappointment to the Liberals. Many methods of accounting for it have been adopted, but not one of them supplies a satisfactory reason for the defeat of Mr. Broadhurst. We must be content to place the election with those others of which we have had examples on both sides in politics, where the opinion of a constituency has undergone a violent and inexplicable change within a brief period. So far as the general political effect of the election is concerned, it is only necessary to say that it still leaves the Government with a distinct advantage upon the bye-elections as a whole.

There is nothing specially remarkable in the Naval Estimates, but there is every reason to be satisfied with the Ministerial programme. The method of determining the proper complement of a ship's crew is to be revised from the very beginning. Hitherto it has been determined by tradition modified by circumstance. Now it will be settled specially in every case by a committee of experts. Provision is made for two great battle-ships, and for two cruisers of the very highest kind, finer and faster than anything afloat. Now that the great Inman liners fly the American flag, such cruisers are more necessary than ever. Some doubt was expressed by the late First Lord as to the assumed policy of substituting cruisers for battle-ships. But battle-ships get superseded much faster than cruisers are likely to be. Among the suggestions in the debate Mr. Arnold-Forster's proposal that volunteer crews should be raised for torpedo boats out of the yachting population seems distinctly worthy of attention. We have never understood why the Royal Naval Volunteers have disappeared, and it would undoubtedly be an excellent thing to revive the force in some form or other. But mere yachtsmen will be very much out of their element in a modern torpedo boat.

But the most generally interesting feature of the naval debates of the week is the undertaking of the Government to improve the position of the Dockyard workmen. The labour is to be so regulated as to prevent wide fluctuations in employment, and the Dockyards are to see the last of the principle that wages are to be determined simply and solely by competition. Eventually, of course, this must lead to its disappearance in other departments as well. Very low wages undoubtedly mean bad work, and the change is distinctly in the interest of the consumer—that is, of the much-enduring taxpayer. As Mr. Burns pointed out, the Government is only following in the wake of the London County Council and other public bodies. But, in fact, it is doing only what most employers do where the cash-nexus with the employed is supplemented by a personal relation—as in domestic service, for instance.

It is to be hoped that the members of the London School Board will think very seriously before they adopt the proposal of the extreme clerical party in that body, and upset the compromise on religious teaching arrived at in 1871. We do not pretend that this compromise is an ideal one; but it is unquestionably the best that could be found if anything beyond secular training is to be given in the public schools. If it is now abandoned, and the extreme clerical idea of religious teaching is adopted in its place, all friends of religious equality and liberty will be compelled to unite in order to put an end to the system altogether. The Board may depend upon it that if they should move in one direction public opinion will move in another, and the result will be a prolonged and mischievous agitation, which will no doubt strengthen the secular party greatly, and perhaps carry the Board to extremes of which it has now no conception. Wisdom and moderation may, we hope, prevail in its counsels, and prevent it from taking a step at once unjust, dangerous, and unnecessary.

THE little watering-place of Sandgate, near Folkestone, has been suffering for the last week from a series of calamities, which resemble in their effects a gradual and prolonged earthquake. The town is built on sand over a hard basis of chalk. Prolonged wet weather—aided, perhaps, by the recent dynamiting of two wrecks off the coast—has loosened the sand, and the foundation of two or three hundred houses has slipped away piecemeal. Seldom has a landslip been so destructive of property, though happily no life has been lost. It is eminently a case for outside aid, and it is to be hoped that the appeal for subscriptions to the relief fund will meet with adequate response.

IF proceedings of the kind have any effect on the polity of nations the Lord Mayor's farewell dinner to M. Waddington ought to do some good, for in point of feeling the demonstration was at least genuine. M. Waddington himself thinks these international comminglings do effect good, and he is an ambassador and ought to know. It was satisfactory to hear him say so confidently on Saturday that he knew no question between the two countries that was not on a fair road to peaceable solution. Should that fortunate state of things continue long into the future, France and England will owe no small debt to M. Waddington for the fact.

ABROAD.

THE new Panama trial threatens to be the most sensational phase through which this sorry national drama has yet passed. M. Charles de Lesseps has turned to bay, and there is a general impression that he has it in his power to drag down many a reputation which he has hitherto spared. M. Baïhut, a former Minister, on Thursday made an abject confession, semi-hypocritical, semi-cynical, of his guilt as a "fingerer" of the fatal gold of Panama. He pleaded no extenuating circumstances: he wanted money, he said, that was all, and now he yielded himself up to justice, repentant for the humiliation he had brought upon his country. Painful as this spectacle is, it is at least a favourable contrast to the attitude of M. Rouvier, ex-Prime Minister, who boldly claimed that he took the money for his country's good. The greatest interest of the trial, however, will begin when MM. de Freycinet, Floquet, and Clémenceau give their evidence; for it is felt that it is they rather than the men actually in the dock whose reputations are at stake in this inquisition.

THE debate on the extension of the franchise goes on in the Belgian Chamber without any very definite result. Various members get up and state their preferences for one or other of the systems proposed, but their speeches seem to attract very little attention, and spectators must wonder when the real struggle will come. One curious objection has been made to limited suffrage from the point of view of Temperance reform. Schemes such as that of the Ministry contemplate an electorate of about 800,000. Now there are (it is stated) 185,000 publicans in Belgium, and at least 40,000 other persons professionally interested in the sale of liquor. Nearly all these would be electors under the occupation franchise proposed by the Ministry. An electorate of which the liquor interest forms 27 per cent. is not a pleasant prospect for Temperance reformers.

IN Germany the Emperor and his Chancellor still seem resolved to secure their Army Bill, and confident that they are certain of popular, if not of Parliamentary support. They reject all compromise, even that proposed by their faithful supporter Herr Von Bennigsen, the leader of the National Liberals. The debates in the Special Committee on the scheme are proceeding very slowly, and the situation is more complicated than ever. One of the Liberal members of the Committee—Major Hintze, who has some authority as a military expert—has just declared his approval of a leading feature of the scheme on military grounds alone, an avowal which has greatly raised the hopes of the Conservative and National Liberal supporters of the scheme. But the greatest doubt prevails as to the course which will be taken by the Catholic Centre. Herr Lieber, one of their leaders, declared on Saturday that he and his friends simply desire the military system of Germany to remain as it is; but he added that they would consider the scheme on its merits, apart from any other question, such as the control of elementary schools or the readmission of the Jesuits. The latter question comes up for debate in the Reichstag next Wednesday. It is predicted that the Liberal party will support the Catholics upon it—presumably in the hope of a coalition on the military scheme, which Herr Lieber's words seem to decline. The acceptance by the Reichstag of the reductions proposed by the Budget Committee in the Naval Estimates, is hardly of good augury for the Government.

THE Spanish elections have resulted, as was foreseen, in the return of a very large Ministerial majority. The great towns, however, and especially Madrid, have returned a considerable number of Republicans; indeed, it was only the existence of minority representation which saved two seats out of eight for Monarchists in the capital. The Socialist and Independent Catholic candidates failed completely. The Ministerialists, though nominally three-fourths of the new Cortes, really comprise many conflicting factions, and will, no doubt, undergo the decomposition that is the fate of all Ministerial parties in Spain. The Republican successes—which, after all, only amount to a tenth of the Cortes at most—have greatly alarmed the Ministry, which has interfered with the transmission of telegrams and prohibited Republican demonstrations. Its supporters are loud in denouncing the mismanagement which has permitted so many Republicans to get in, for in Spain official pressure at elections is a matter of course, as it was under the Second Empire in France and is to an increasing extent in Italy.

BY the time these lines are published something will be known of the results of the general election in Servia. The Liberal Ministry seems still to be in an enormous minority in the country—at the last general election the Radicals, now its opponents, outnumbered all other parties in the proportion of about fourteen to one—but it is putting on the strongest possible pressure, and is quite prepared, if necessary, to imprison all the members of the Central Committee of the Radical party. There has been one serious disturbance, resulting in ten deaths, and something like civil war has been reported for some time in places where the Liberal Ministry has dislodged the Radical municipal authorities. A Liberal Mayor has been assassinated.

THE German Emperor and Empress intend to be present at the celebration of the silver wedding of the King and Queen of Italy in Rome on April 22nd. It is thought possible that, in view of recent events, the Emperor is anxious to restore the popularity of the Triple Alliance in Italy. But the news has been received very coolly in that country, where the recent behaviour of German and Austrian Ministers towards Italy (*à propos* of Italian military expenditure and the Temporal Power respectively) has seriously shaken public confidence in the wisdom of Italian foreign policy.

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

THE Russian Government has published a formal protest against the proposed change in the Constitution of Bulgaria permitting the ruling family to quit the Greek Church. But the protest has little importance, and is not formally addressed even to the Great Powers, but to the world at large. To Russia, of course, nationality and religion hang together, and the faith of a prince is of necessity that of his people. It can hardly be supposed, however, that these views are expected to find acceptance in Western Europe. Possibly the protest is meant as a hint to the ecclesiastical authorities in Bulgaria as to their future conduct.

THE question of the relations of Church and State in Hungary took an unexpected turn on Tuesday in favour of the Ministry. A conference of Bishops has been sitting in Buda-Pesth, and has been formulating a manifesto against obligatory civil marriage. Three of the most important members of the hierarchy were absent; but still the Nationalists —or a section of them—were also taking up the question out of pure desire to embarrass the Ministry, and matters were becoming more and more critical. However, on Tuesday Count Czáky read a number of letters from parochial and other clergy, indicating that from 1875 to 1890 the Catholic hierarchy completely acquiesced in the law as to registration of the children of mixed marriages which they now denounce, and he suggested that the change had been forced upon them by a foreign influence —that is to say, of course, by the Vatican in its hostility to the Triple Alliance. This revelation should at any rate disarm the Nationalist opposition on the question. But it must be remembered that the Catholic influence is extremely strong among a class that is barely represented in the Chamber, or not represented at all—the Roumanian population; and they will certainly not consider the question on its merits.

ZANZIBAR has a new Sultan, and the promptitude and firmness of Mr. Rennell Rodd, the British representative—hitherto best known as a lyric poet—have saved the British Protectorate from a very serious crisis. The late Sultan, under British influence, had put down the trade in slaves, and the attempt of his son—who is not, according to Mohammedan law, the rightful heir—to seize on the throne would probably have been backed by a section of discontented slave-owners, and might have led to serious trouble. The irritation shown at the English action by certain foreign journals is, perhaps, the best proof that Mr. Rodd was right.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, etc.

MR. LE GALLIENNE, we understand, has been asked to write a book about his religious opinions, and is going to do so. This is one of the results of the recent controversy in the *Chronicle*, though the book is to have no reference to Mr. Buchanan, and is to be (which sounds a paradox) quite untheological and uncontroversial. It is to be called "The Religion of a Literary Man," and is to be published by Messrs. Matthews and Lane during May. Apropos of Mr. Le Gallienne, by the way, in the touching supplement which *Alma Mater* has got out *in memoriam* of Professor Minto, we find it stated that the Professor's favourite poem was Mr. Le Gallienne's "What of the Darkness?"

THERE remain many announcements from the publishers' spring lists which we were unable to notice last week. Messrs. Longmans have in the press a book, by Mr. E. F. Knight, on the meeting-place of Great Britain, Russia, and China in Central Asia, which will have a political as well as a descriptive interest; a volume of "Plain Sermons," by Bishop Oxenden; Professor Max Müller's Gifford Lectures on "Theosophy, or Psychological Religion;" new novels by Mr. Rider Haggard and Dr. Conan Doyle; Mr. Walter Besant's "Rise and Growth of London," which should be an exceptionally good historical reading primer; and Dr. Nansen's work on "Esquimaux Life." We are glad to see the promise (A. D. Innes) of a series of pamphlets under the auspices of the Kyrle Society, to start with "St. Paul's Cathedral," by Canon Gilbertson. Messrs. Raphael Tuck, in their "Breezy Library," which Mr. Zangwill will start, undertake to reform the "shilling shocker," especially in its outward form. A number of essays by leading Congregationalists will be published, under the title "Faith and Criticism," by Messrs. Sampson Low, who have also nearly ready Dr. Maloney's account of the gallant journey with Captain Stairs to Kalenga, the first part of Mr. Louis Fagan's "History of Engraving in England," Mr. Edwin Hodder's "History of South Australia," and a volume by various well-known lady-writers on the philanthropic work of women. This last-named work, the title of which is not definitely fixed, will be edited by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who also contributes a chapter on "Woman, the Missionary of Industry." Mr. John Murray has in the press Professor Minto's last work, written for the University Extension Series, on "Logic, Inductive and Deductive."

THE opening of the Spring art season in London is generally signalised by the dinner of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours. This dinner took place on Wednesday, under the presidency of Sir James Linton, and the quality, as well as the numbers, of the company present, sufficiently indicated the growing popularity of the Institute. The exhibition itself possesses the characteristic qualities of the British school of water-colour art. The collection is so large that it would be too much to expect that everything shown could be worthy of commendation; but, as usual, there are certain drawings which stand out conspicuously, and serve to show that painting in water-colours is not losing ground in England.

THE birth of the steam engine has been responsible for many sweeping changes in the last half-century, but perhaps in no case will these changes have assumed such large proportions as by the complete adoption of Universal Time. That this uniform horary scheme of time will be realised this century seems at present very improbable, but that it will eventually come into vogue is certain. To railways the uniformity of time within narrow belts of longitude has become specially necessary, and the so-called "Universal Time" consists simply in having twenty-four different times for the whole world, each differing from the one next to it by one whole hour. In this way a traveller—going round the world, for instance—would only have to alter his watch once for every 15° of longitude, and not, as is now done in some parts, every ten or fifteen minutes. For Europe at least, another step within adoption of Universal Time is soon to take place, the Bill declaring the legal time for the whole of the German Empire to be that of the 15th Meridian East of Greenwich, or one hour in advance of Greenwich in time, having passed the third reading. Last year, it may be remembered, South Germany made the change to the same standard. We hear also that a similar Bill has been laid before the Austrian Government advocating the mean solar time of the 15th Meridian, and it is to be hoped that this change will be made also next month on the same day as by Germany.

OBITUARY.

CARDINAL PLACE, Archbishop of Rennes, had not attained the unfortunate prominence of some of his episcopal brethren in France in the conflict between Church and

State. The Hon. Hugh Nelson had been one of the representatives of British Columbia in both Houses of the Dominion Parliament, and had afterwards been Lieutenant-Governor of the province. Lieutenant-Colonel Douglas Labalmondière, C.B., had formerly been Assistant Commissioner of Metropolitan Police. Mr. Sidney Naylor had been long known in connection with the London Ballad Concerts. Mr. George Graham, of Yardley, near Birmingham, was the breeder of Isonomy and other hardly less famous racehorses, as well as of that less noble but less dangerous animal the pure Shropshire sheep. To M. Taine and the Sultan of Zanzibar we refer elsewhere.

THE REMEDY.

IT is half-past four in the afternoon. Questions are over, and the Leader of the House rises to make his statement as to the course of public business. He announces the items on the programme, and then he says: "With regard to Bill A, which is a measure of the very largest importance, her Majesty's Government have decided to allot the ample period of six parliamentary days to the debate on its second reading. At the end of that time, if it be necessary, the usual motion will be made with a view to having the question put. We have already had the customary communication with the Leader of the Opposition, and I am happy to say we have his concurrence in this arrangement. Due notice being now given, I feel confident that hon. members on both sides of the House will so arrange the time at their disposal, in conformity with their own desires and the best interests of the debate, that we shall have a most valuable and satisfactory discussion. In Supply to-night her Majesty's Government consider sufficient progress will have been made if we reach Vote K. Should this vote be disposed of earlier in the evening than twelve o'clock, the Government undertake not to proceed with Supply further, and there will be an opportunity for the motions of private members on the paper to be dealt with. As several of the votes preceding K are of a non-contentious character, it is hoped that this may be the case. Should, however, K not have been reached by five minutes to twelve the necessary rules of the House will, of course, be applied to bring it to the question."

Here is a type of business statement, the principle of which we hope to see adopted by the present Government, and made a precedent for all its successors—with the full concurrence, too, let us say, of the responsible leaders of the Opposition. This latter may seem an over-sanguine and overgracious hope in view of Wednesday's proceedings at the Carlton. But we desire to be very reasonable about this matter. We do not care to take men at a disadvantage. The Opposition are now a little bit desperate and carried away. When their responsible leaders have tried their heads against hard facts they will be cooler, and will go upon their good behaviour. They will like then to be associated in a sympathetic rather than a hostile manner with what is bound to prove a most beneficent reform of the habits of the House. For all this elaborate campaign of obstruction, to which a regular Opposition proposes to give itself up now for the first time in our Parliamentary history, all these incitements of Lord Salisbury in the Carlton Club, all these "obstruction classes" in the House in which professors from the Front Bench expound to the Mr. "Tommy" Bowleses below the gangway how they may find ammunition for killing Government time, even in such questions as the adhesiveness of the black-edged envelopes—it all comes to this, that it will not be allowed. Nothing extreme or exceptional at all is necessary to nullify such tactics. The Government has its remedy in its hand—placed there by the foresight of the gentlemen who are now on the opposite bench, when they in their turn were responsible for carrying on the business of the country.

If, nevertheless, anything exceptional did happen to be necessary we believe the country would insist on its being resorted to. Never, surely, in all its chequered history, was there a more intolerable position presented to the House of the people's representatives. From a mere electioneering point of view, Liberals could ask for no more effective spectacle than that of a Tory marquis out of office coming down from the House of Lords and inciting his followers to break up the business of the House of Commons. Obstruction has hitherto been the illicit sport of irresponsible irregulars, or the last resort of an Irish party battling against oppression, and in despair of getting their country's grievance listened to by any other means. It has been reserved for the leader of the "Constitutional" party, the great lord who has been twice Prime Minister of England, to take the revolutionary step of flinging the regular Opposition as a hostile obstacle across the path of Parliament. If strong measures were necessary to checkmate such a reckless and unconstitutional manœuvre the country would call for them, and the Government would be false to its duty if it did not respond. It is the duty of Ministers, to which they have been called by the deliberate vote of the nation, to carry on the Queen's Government and to promote the projects of legislation to which they are publicly pledged; and it would be their duty, if necessary—adopting a phrase of the German Emperor's—to "dash in pieces" any conspiracy to prevent them executing so solemn and constitutional a mandate. They would have no business to accept their responsibilities unless they were prepared so to act. But no heroic measures are in the least necessary.

A plain, humdrum, matter-of-fact, every-day (above all every-day) application of the Parliamentary law as it actually stands will quite sufficiently meet the requirements of the case. In nothing more than its facile adaptability to new circumstances as they arise, does the House of Commons display its splendid vitality as an institution. In 1880, when brought to a standstill by organised obstruction (a Liberal Government being then in power), it drastically altered its rules of procedure, and embodied the principle of the Closure once for all among its standing orders. In 1887, in order to pass Mr. Balfour's Coercion Act (a Tory Government being in power), it altered these rules still more drastically, and made the principle of the Closure applicable to almost every emergency in which it could be imagined to be useful. So thorough indeed was this alteration that no further reform of the kind is needed. All that is necessary in 1893 is to put these reformed rules into practice in the spirit in which they were conceived. In the imaginary Ministerial statement which we have cited above, there is the suggestion for dealing with second readings of Bills and with the estimates. For the committee stage of the Bills the expedients in the rules are varied and ample. The Chair can strike out amendments which are frivolous or vexatious, and whole batches of amendments can be put to the vote without debate, when a Minister moves the closure. This was what happened to the amendments to the Coercion Bill of 1887, when Mr. Balfour deemed that the measure had been sufficiently

debated; and Irish Members afterwards openly regretted that they had not made a better selection of their amendments, and concentrated their attention upon those that were important. What was good for Coercion will be good for Home Rule. To meet the eccentricities of individual guerillas there are numerous devices. The Chair can order a man to resume his seat for repeated irrelevance, it can suspend him for the sitting for wilful obstruction. These, however, are negligible matters if the main plan of giving due notice when a given debate must close be carried out. Let us repeat it in italics: the kernel of our suggestion lies in *the giving of notice*—in Ministers giving ample notice beforehand, so that no man will have cause to complain, of a fixed but reasonable period for the discussion of Government measures, and in moving the closure at the end of that period, if the debate does not close of its own accord. In the interval, if members opposing a measure choose to waste their time, it is their own affair. All the probabilities are that they would not so choose; that they would make a more purposeful use of their opportunities; and that debates under such a system would become far more orderly and more effective.

Indeed, so convinced are we of this that we believe reasonable men on both sides of the House will come to regard this systematising of the time of Parliament as a desirable reform for its business generally, apart altogether from the question of meeting the special case of obstruction which now threatens to arise. Notoriously the House of Commons has a very wasteful way of managing its time, and we believe wonders would be worked by the simple expedient which we have described. Take such a case as the second reading of the Home Rule Bill. Ten days are said to be thought necessary for that debate (four days too much in our humble opinion). Now in ten days of parliamentary debating time, counting from half-past four in the afternoon to twelve o'clock at night, there can be made, roughly speaking, two speeches of two hours each, twelve speeches of one hour each, fifty speeches of half an hour each, and 130 speeches of twenty minutes. In a debate of six days there might be made two speeches of two hours, twelve of one hour, forty of half an hour, and 120 of twenty minutes. These figures give an impression simply of prodigality, and they will help to show how much effective speech-making might be compressed into a much shorter space of time than the House is in the habit of allotting to its important debates. The regular application of the rules in the manner we suggest will save time, save temper, and save health (for if due notice be given of the date for closing a debate there will be no occasion for those tiresome suspensions of the twelve o'clock rule, which are an invitation to the fractious to keep peaceable men up till the small hours, nor will there be any occasion for the still more penal Saturday sittings), and, more than that, it will enable the Government to carry through its full programme between the present session and the session which we hope they will see their way to summon for next autumn.

THE CLASSES AND THE MASSES.

OUR contemporary the *Pall Mall Gazette* has been much exercised by a remark in these pages last week to the effect that "the majority of educated men happens just now to be Unionist." This statement of a simple and, we are sorry to say, unquestionable fact is regarded by the *Pall Mall Gazette* as an admission of the utmost importance when made by a Home Rule journal. We are sorry to observe, by the way, that in the opinion of our contemporary we show "a narrower rancour and a blinder bias of partisanship than any other political journal." We were really under the impression that we could find in some Opposition journals a degree of rancour and bias far surpassing anything to be found in these pages. This, however, is a question of taste, and we are not at all disposed to spend our time in refuting the rather singular views of the *Pall Mall*. It will be more to the purpose to deal with the curious argument which our contemporary founds upon our admission that the majority of educated people will be found to be opposed to Home Rule. Briefly stated, that argument amounts to nothing more than the well-worn fallacy that educated persons must be right when they happen to be opposed on any question of opinion to the uneducated, and that, consequently, we cannot give any reason for our own adherence to Home Rule.

Can it really be the fact that the *Pall Mall Gazette* clings to the belief that education, in the sense in which we used the word a week ago, implies not only the possession of a certain amount of culture, but also of the faculty of distinguishing absolutely between right and wrong? That an educated man's opinion *may* be right, when it happens to be in opposition to that of the uneducated, will, of course, be admitted by everybody. We may go further, and say that in such circumstances the educated man *ought* to be right. But is he? Surely a very limited knowledge of history will prove to our contemporary that this is by no means invariably the case. The classes and the masses have been in opposition to each other a thousand times in the history of the world; but we are certainly doing no injustice to the former if we say that in at least five hundred of these cases it is the masses who have been in the right. On no single occasion has either class stood alone. At this moment the very ignorant are probably just as largely in favour of Unionism, so-called, as of Home Rule; and though for the present the preponderance of educated opinion is against the policy of Mr. Gladstone, it is notorious that amongst those who support that policy are to be found men at least as eminent for culture, intellect, and sagacity as any of those who are opposed to it. How little, indeed, the mere possession of education, even if we use that word in its widest and highest signification, tends to make a man a judge upon a far-reaching question like that of our national policy, we may learn by glancing at the opinions of Mr. Tyndall on Home Rule. No one can question the intellectual superiority of that gentleman in his own field. Yet this is the fashion in which he thinks fit to deal with the political problem of the hour:—

> "A great political party, submerging its own judgment, follows an aged and erring man far more abjectly than pious Catholics follow the Pope of Rome. He has had his years of sanity. He has dug his Suez Canal. He has gone on to his Panama; but instead of wrecking himself upon that enterprise he is bent upon wrecking his country. An individual may go mad; but the wonder and amazement of the present situation is the 'faith madness' of a whole party. They follow their leader like Gadarene swine, dreaming that the land of Beulah instead of the deep sea is before them. Argument is lost upon them; history is valueless; experience goes for naught. A kind of obstinate fury is the spell of the hour."

The most ignorant of demagogues might be ashamed to emit rubbish of this kind as the expression of his deliberate judgment on the question of the hour, and yet it is all that one of the most eminent of the educated men of our day has to offer

us as a contribution to our political enlightenment. We think we may leave this specimen of "rancour" and "bias" to the candid judgment of the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, simply assuring him that he will find nothing quite like it in the pages of THE SPEAKER. But if he still clings to the belief that the majority of educated men must always be in the right in their judgment upon great issues in public affairs, we should like to hear what he has to say about the conduct of the educated classes in Great Britain at the time of the American Civil War. We have seen nothing during the Home Rule controversy to compare with the blind fury with which the whole of the classes at that time espoused the cause of the South and of slavery. The working men of Lancashire cannot pretend to vie in culture, or in that kind of knowledge which is taught in schools and universities, with the classes who frequent Belgravia and Pall Mall, Oxford and Cambridge. Yet in the great struggle of thirty years ago these same unlettered artisans proved that they were in the right, whilst the classes were in the wrong; and, what is more, suffered nobly, even unto the death, for the sake of their convictions.

In presence of so remarkable an instance of the way in which the whole cultured class in a country may go wrong whilst the mass of the population adhere to the right, it is needless to follow further the contention of our contemporary. The *vox populi* may not be synonymous with the *vox Dei*, but at least it may be said with absolute truthfulness that the "common people" in all ages of the world's history have shown themselves nearer to the simple truth and to the great realities of life than the refined and cultured few. With them life itself is a less complex matter than it is with their social superiors, and possibly for that very reason they can see more clearly those simple questions wherein the balance is held between right and wrong, justice and injustice, freedom and slavery, than those to whom the art of living has become an exceedingly intricate affair, and in whose minds, though "knowledge comes," "wisdom" too often "lingers." The *Pall Mall Gazette* challenges us to show why we are Home Rulers. We can refer our contemporary to many declarations on that point that have been made in this journal during the past three years. But our reason for believing that Mr. Gladstone's policy is one which the nation will do well to follow, and which must in the end make for righteousness and peace, may be briefly stated. It is because generation after generation of the people of Great Britain have tried the task of governing Ireland against the will of its inhabitants, and have failed miserably in their endeavour, that we think the time has come to reverse our course, and to deal with Ireland in the spirit in which Great Britain has always been ready to deal with other nationalities. It is because we have too long permitted a self-interested minority to hold the majority of the Irish people in subjection, and by so doing have inflicted incalculable miseries and wrongs upon the subject population, as well as the gravest inconvenience and danger upon ourselves, that we believe it will be not only right, but expedient, to try the experiment of allowing the majority in Ireland to enjoy the rights we so freely accord to majorities elsewhere. Nor are we at all shaken in our confidence by the fact that the minority, seeing that the moment is at hand when it will be despoiled of its unjust privileges, is raising that kind of clamour which is always the last resource of a privileged caste when it finds that equal justice is about to be done between it and the mass of the people.

BLOOD AND THUNDER.

WE do not often think it necessary to call attention to discreditable scenes in the House of Commons or its precincts. But the encounter between Colonel Saunderson and Mr. William Redmond on Monday last was so unusual and yet so characteristic that it is worth a moment's thought. During the debate on the state of Clare on Thursday, March 2nd, Colonel Saunderson made some such observations as are usual with him about the Nationalist Members. Mr. Redmond, foolishly perhaps, "proceeded"—we quote from the *Times* report—"to complain of the remarks of the hon. and gallant Member for North Armagh, to whom the question was put whether he meant to suggest that Irish Nationalist Members either encouraged or sympathised with crime in Ireland. Colonel Saunderson ejaculated a 'Hear, hear,' to which the honourable Member retorted by saying that . . . . he did not believe the honourable and gallant Member would have the courage to repeat the statement before him outside the Lobby of the House. (Laughter.) Colonel Saunderson: 'Anywhere.' (Renewed laughter.)" The House took the matter as a rather ludicrous exhibition of the excitability of some politicians. No one dreamt that there would be anything more heard of it. But Colonel Saunderson could not lose any opportunity of bragging. On Friday, so he tells his friends, he waited for some hours in the Lobby for an opportunity of insulting Mr. Redmond, while Mr. Redmond (whose worst enemy will admit that he never shirked a fight) remained quietly in the House quite unconscious that the Member for North Armagh was so anxious to insult him. On Monday—four days, it will be noted, after the original incident—Colonel Saunderson came down still excited. Almost any other sane man after sleeping over the thing for four nights would have decided either to apologise or to hold his tongue. A Frenchman might have sent a challenge to a duel, but he would not have proposed to fight the duel in the Lobby of a Chamber where the police, not to speak of his colleagues, would have been sure to interfere. Colonel Saunderson, however, combines the maximum of absurd braggadocio with the minimum of real courage. So after four days' consideration he came down to the House and wrote a note asking Mr. Redmond to come into the Lobby to hear himself abused. Colonel Saunderson came accompanied by Colonel Waring, who, like his friend, has served in the Militia. Mr. Redmond came accompanied by Mr. O'Kelly, who has served in some half-dozen real wars. Whether it was the sight of Mr. O'Kelly, or from the fear of police, or from a reawakened sense of the ludicrous, Colonel Saunderson discovered that he had really nothing to say beyond a reference to the charges and allegations in the *Times*. For some twenty minutes a tongue-fight went on as to what he had said, or was alleged to have said, on the previous Thursday, and then the parties were separated without (fortunately) having struck a blow.

It would be hard to find in history or literature a parallel for this incident in all its contemptible absurdity. Falstaff was a gallant knight, and Bob Acres a most valiant soldier in comparison. Yet Colonel Saunderson is actually regarded as a leader by the Ulster Orangemen. He is spoken of by those Orangemen who admit that Lord Wolseley is not available, as the future commander of the army which is to shatter the forces of the Queen. Some poor fellows on the Shankhill Road in Belfast, who are brave enough in their own ignorant way, actually look upon this preposterous creature as a hero. We,

for our part, thank him heartily for this proof of the stuff he is made of.

A whole host of Colonel Saundersons have been tongue-fighting in Ulster for the past fortnight. From grand jury and select vestry, town's meeting and Orange lodge, come the most gallant noise of war. Possibly some few Englishmen who do not understand the nature of all this sound and fury may hesitate to believe that it signifies nothing. Those who know Ulster will assure them that it signifies nothing more than the same sound and fury has signified any time for fifty years back. We quoted last week a few extracts from the Orange speeches of 1868. They all ended in a few riots and much smoke. The language of brag has really lost its meaning on the Orange platform. The Orange baby is taught to look up at the picture of King William crossing the Boyne with his horse prancing. His father, as likely as not, first takes him to church with an Orange sash on—marching. The clergyman discourses about Derry and the Boyne, and the vast advantages which separate the Protestant from the Papist. The young Orangeman grows up to find that Protestantism in Ireland does indeed make him the favoured of the great in the land, and is confirmed in his contempt for his Catholic fellow-countryman. Every year comes the same Orange sermon. Every 12th of July comes the same Orange speech. The Papist is always—and in this the language of platform and pulpit is identical—not merely an unhappy heretic, but an hereditary foe and a natural slave. Whenever charity does enter into the Orangeman's life—and it is but seldom—it comes in the form of a subscription to the Protestant Orphan Society.

That men bred in this atmosphere should be unreasonable and intolerant is only natural. It says a good deal for human nature that, in spite of the landlords and the parsons, the Catholic and Protestant common folk live in ordinary times at peace with one another. At such a time as the present braggarts by character and training are of course as plentiful as blackberries. They grow naturally from such a social soil. And so Orange Ulster has been hard at work bragging ever since the introduction of the Home Rule Bill, and will go on bragging until the Bill is passed. The strange thing is that some Orangemen really seem to imagine that bluster will gain them the sympathy of the civilised world; that English working-men will be frightened by it into putting the Tories back in office; that military and naval officers will throw up their commissions to serve under Colonel Saunderson in the Belfast Bashi Bazouks; that succour will come from every continent, lest by any chance the minority should cease to have the rule over the majority in Ireland. One ingenious solicitor, Mr. Athol Dudgeon, is reported to have said: "It was only 200 years ago since Hessian troops helped to effect our deliverance in this land. And the time might come when another William—the present Emperor of Germany—and German troops might be seen in Ireland. For if an appeal was made to our German Protestant friends, that appeal might not be in vain." Is it not time for some honest Tory to tell these deluded people that no one in the world is likely to help them in disobeying any just law, English-made or Irish-made? It would be well for them to understand that for country gentlemen and their dependents armed with fowling-pieces to talk of insurrection is merely laughable, and that for politicians who know better to incite ignorant working-men to riot is both contemptible and criminal. Threats of rebellion will not deter Parliament from doing its duty. Incitement to riot will be punished under the common law.

At the same time, Ulstermen may rest assured that it is not the intention of the Imperial Parliament to permit any injustice to any quiet and peaceable citizen of the Empire. While Mr. Gladstone proposes to delegate to an Irish Parliament the management of Irish affairs, he has devised safeguards for the minority greater than we know of in any existing Constitution. In the Bill of 1886 religious persecution was fully guarded against. Now property is also protected by constitutional provisions which have been found a safe barrier against Socialism in the United States. Every Irishman will have the right to appeal to the greatest of British courts. In the last resort the Imperial Parliament or the Imperial Government would step in to protect any persecuted minority. We do not believe any occasion will arise for putting these powers in use, but their very presence will prevent injustice. And we notice with pleasure that, while the Orangemen are frothing, as is their wont, some reasonable Unionists are so well satisfied with the general scheme of the Bill that they are giving their attention to the financial details. It is probably to silence the reasonable and to give a fillip to the blood-and-thunder party that Lord Salisbury goes to Ulster.

A STATESMANLIKE REPORT.

MR. CARSON'S expected tirade against Mr. Justice Mathew will, if it is delivered, fall very flat on Monday next. There was room for difference of opinion as to the wisdom of the speech made by the President of the Evicted Tenants' Commission at the opening of the proceedings. We, for our part, have never doubted that, except in the justly severe comments upon Lord Clanricarde's discourtesy, it was meant kindly, as a defence of the Irish landlords against their worst enemy, the *Times*, which was urging them to treat with scorn the Viceroy's Commission. Still, misconstruction was possible, though not justifiable, and a speech open to misconstruction may be unwise. But whatever one may think of the opening proceedings, reasonable men will be of one opinion as to the report. It is calm and judicial in tone, short and plain in form, moderate and statesmanlike in substance.

The Commissioners have inquired into the circumstances of seventeen estates. Two of them were Land League estates, where the dispute arose in 1880; fifteen, and these the more important, were Plan of Campaign estates, where the disputes arose in 1886 and subsequently. The Commissioners do not examine into the rights and wrongs of the Plan of Campaign, or attempt to go behind the judicial dicta which have pronounced it criminal. But they state that in claiming reductions in their rent during the winter of 1886-7 the tenants had some substantial facts in their favour. There had been a great fall in prices. Large abatements had been made by neighbouring landlords. The Land Commission was, in fixing fresh judicial rents, making larger reductions; for the years 1881-5 the average reduction was 19·4 per cent. off the old rents, while for 1886-7 the average was 31·3 per cent. In 1887 the Legislature recognised the need of reduction by providing for the readjustment of rents fixed during the years 1881-5. Without tracing the history of the struggle, the Commissioners point out that the estates under their consideration were but a few out of the many on which conflicts took place. In most cases the difficulties have been long since settled. Only on the estates reported on have the landlords, or the

tenants, or both, been so unreasonable as to fail to come to a settlement. From these estates 1,403 tenants in all have been evicted, 357 of whom were small mountain tenants on the Olphert estate in Donegal. The report briefly states the consequences of eviction. There was resistance to legal process, followed by arrests. Enormous law costs were piled up. "It is to be regretted," the Commissioners proceed, "that it was considered advisable in many cases to burn down or destroy the dwelling-houses, which, as a general rule, had been built by the tenants or their predecessors. Those who understand the attachment of the Irish peasant to his home will be able to appreciate the effect of such acts." The present state of the derelict farms is deplorable. The cost to the Exchequer for extra police, and other luxuries of coercion, has exceeded £95,000, of which nearly £28,000 was spent in connection with Lord Clanricarde's property. There will be grave danger to the public peace if the evicted are not restored.

The Commissioners go on to define the present extent of the problem. Three hundred and thirty-three farms have been re-let and 76 sold under the Land Purchase Acts to the old tenants. Some other old tenants would seem to have left the country, for only 884 are now out of their farms looking for reinstatement. In the majority of cases no one except the landlord stands in the way of their restoration. But 230 farms have been let, and 20 sold to new or "planter" tenants. As to the condition of the planters the Commisioners could obtain little certain evidence, but they discovered that on one estate £6,000 had been paid in their support out of Mr. T. W. Russell's fund. On the Massereene estate, on the other hand, the planters are undoubtedly doing better.

The practical recommendations made are such as one may say almost necessarily follow from a plain statement of the facts. Where the farms are unoccupied, every reason of economy, national and local, points to the restoration of the old tenants. Some independent tribunal must be empowered to bring to an end the pitiable and contemptible squabbles which are the cause of so much loss both of national money and local good temper. The Commissioners recommend that the Land Commission, or a Special Commission created for the purpose, shall be empowered to reinstate the old tenants as tenants on fair terms, but with the proviso that where the landlord objects to receiving back the old tenant as a tenant, the tenant may be compelled, if he wishes to be restored, to purchase his farm under the Land Purchase Acts at a price to be fixed by the Commission. To meet the more difficult case of the planters a less simple course is proposed. The Commissioners recommend that only those planters who possess no interest of value in their holdings should be compulsorily removed. In other cases an effort is to be made to arrange a voluntary sale from the planter to the old tenant, and the Commission are to be empowered to advance half the purchase-money. Where such arrangement is impracticable the Land Commission may acquire unoccupied land elsewhere, and transplant not the planter but the old tenants. Practical suggestions are made for temporary loans to enable derelict farms to be brought back into cultivation and for other difficulties of detail.

We await with interest Monday's debate. To our mind the Commissioners' recommendations err, if they err at all, in their studied moderation. If there is in the Tory party any real statesmanship, any love of fair play, any desire for peaceful and orderly government, even when they themselves are out of office, the report will be accepted unanimously as a wise and just compromise of a lamentable dispute, and no factious opposition will be offered to the Bill which will necessarily be based upon it.

MR. CLEVELAND AS A MORAL REGENERATOR.

MR. CLEVELAND in his inaugural address pointed out several tendencies dangerous to the moral health of his country; but the conclusion of the sympathetic observer will be that there must not be anything radically unsound in the moral health of a nation which elects such a type of citizen as Mr. Cleveland to its highest office, and which can listen meekly while he lectures it upon its shortcomings. The courage of that address, the fearlessness with which it proclaims unpalatable truths, and administers disciplinary censures, its honourable eagerness to rivet in victory the pledges given before the battle, and the general vigour and strength which characterise it, lend to the utterance a something antique and classical which breathes of the great days of the old republics, and indicates that the great days of the new are with them yet. What would not earnest French Republicans give to have a man at their head just now who could address his country in such a spirit? It is the hope of French Republicans, despite their fears of strong individualities, that such a man may show himself soon, and friends of France can but echo the hope. Whether Mr. Cleveland, with the aid of his Cabinet and a sufficiently loyal Congress, succeeds in carrying out the weighty programme of reforms which he described; whether he succeeds in establishing a tariff for revenue only (and this at best is bound to be a slow and difficult work), in readjusting the financial position as regards the surplus and the currency, in reorganising the Civil Service, and in abolishing the spoils system and the pension system and all the other evils of what he has happily named "paternalism"—whether the full programme be carried out or not is really a minor consideration compared with the deeply significant fact of his election. Mr. Cleveland's coming to the White House for a second term represents the triumph of a national tendency rather than of a party policy, and that a moral tendency rather than a political one. This strong, uncompromising, independent man has really been chosen for what we may call his moral dynamics, for that quality which breathes so forcibly through every line of his somewhat homiletic address. There has grown up in recent years in America a class of men, recruited from both political parties, who express open alarm at the danger with which the degradation of politics is menacing the State in these days of an electorate immensely increased by hordes of alien immigrants. They point to the corruption which the State not only tolerates but fosters—and which probably reached its climax in the colossal pension scheme of the late administration—and they contend that if this evil is allowed to continue at its present rate, it will end by destroying the national spirit, and—to use President Cleveland's words—"stupefying every noble trait of American citizenship." These men have sought to rouse the higher types of American citizens from their apathy, and induce them to take a more active part in political life. They have sought to touch a higher plane of sentiments in the breasts of the citizens at large. Purification of politics and elevation of the standards of public life are their watchwords. With these on their lips, they have plunged into the primary meeting and confronted the ward boss on his native stamping-ground in the

cities; they have formed citizens' leagues, and pitted themselves even against such giants as Tammany. At first they were laughed at, and called "mugwumps," a name which in American political terminology signifies superior persons. But the election of Mr. Cleveland in 1884, and his election now, show that there is a sentiment behind these mugwumps which is far more serious than a sentiment of mere priggishness, and that it is deeply rooted and widely spread. For Mr. Cleveland is the type and hero of this sentiment. He is the mugwump President, and a good deal more important and farther-reaching in its results than his action regarding the tariff or currency reform may be the impetus which his election is supposed to give to the tendency he thus represents. His determination not to be bound by party trammels in his action, his independence of what he once called the "offensive partisans" of the Democratic organisation—to whom he feels he did not owe his election—were manifest in his address and in the fact of his selecting for his Secretary of State a man who had all his life been a Republican. The United States these years is passing through a crisis during which it will have questions more vital than the respective merits of Republican and Democratic party policies to consider; and if President Cleveland's influence succeeds in producing the result many expect from it, at the end of his term American politics will be running in a new groove, and quite a new party may have been added to the State.

FINANCE.

THERE has been a good deal of selling of Consols this week, induced largely by the apparently unfounded rumour that the American Government intends to borrow gold in London. At the time of the Baring crisis Consols fell to 93⅞; last week, after deducting the interest payable at the beginning of next month, the price was 98⅝. In little more than two years, therefore, there has been a rise of 5¼, which is a very great rise in such a stock. Naturally many holders argue that after such an advance there will be a reaction, and they were induced to anticipate the movement by a report that the American Government is about to issue a loan here. If it were to do so, bankers would probably sell Consols in order to subscribe for the American bonds, especially if the latter gave a return much higher than Consols do. Colonial stocks likewise have been depressed, it being the fashion in the City just now to look upon many Colonial—especially Australian—Governments as on the high road to bankruptcy. These Governments, no doubt, have borrowed far too much, and it is well that British investors should exercise caution. But the present disposition of the City is as much in error one way as a few years ago it was over-sanguine. The railway rates agitation, the unsatisfactory traffic returns, and the numerous Labour disputes are telling adversely upon home railway stocks; and alarmist circulars issued by some of the brewery companies against the Direct Veto Bill have caused a fall in brewery stocks. In American railroad securities there has not been much movement this week, but a further decline is almost inevitable. The currency crisis has entered an acute stage; distrust is spreading in every direction, rates of interest and discount are rising seriously in New York, and it is quite possible that some of the railway companies, never in very good credit, may find it difficult, if not impossible, to renew their floating debts. The companies, as a rule, incur inconveniently large floating debts; and when credit is good, they find little difficulty in renewing the loans from time to time; but when credit is at all shaken, the weaker companies are often refused accommodation, and it is quite possible, therefore, that what happened to the Philadelphia and Reading the other day may happen again.

The Money Market this week has been busily discussing the report that the United States Government is about to borrow here in order to get gold, and has come to the conclusion that a considerable loan could be placed if the bonds yielded from 3⅛ to 3¼ per cent. So far as we can ascertain, President Cleveland has not as yet decided whether he will or will not borrow. In all probability he will have to do so; but he can borrow at home more cheaply than in London, and it is quite possible that he may not have to issue bonds at all. The ex-President a couple of weeks ago obtained six million dollars in gold from the New York banks by exchanging Treasury notes for the gold. The new President is following the precedent this week, and possibly he may continue to do so. It is clearly to the interest of the banks, as much as to that of the Treasury, to prevent a serious crisis, and therefore to give the Treasury all the assistance in their power. Even if the Government has to issue bonds, there ought to be no difficulty in placing them at home. But the London market has jumped to the conclusion that recourse must be had to Europe. If London is right, there will inevitably be a considerable rise in rates here. Whether gold is taken for New York in considerable amounts or not, the mere fact that the American Government can take it will compel all bankers to make preparations against contingencies; and, of course, the Bank of England will have to take precautions to protect its reserve. There is another matter to which little attention is paid in the City, yet which may at any moment prove quite as disturbing, and that is the withdrawals of deposits from the French savings banks. During January and February over four millions sterling were so withdrawn in excess of the payments. Comparatively the amount is not large; but if the withdrawals go on, the French Treasury may find itself in a very unpleasant predicament. No doubt it would then increase still farther the note issues of the Bank of France; but that might not prove sufficient. Long-continued withdrawals would indicate such a spread of distrust as might compel all the French banks to draw gold from London, even if they did not induce the French Government to issue a large loan for the purpose of funding the floating debt, and so providing means to meet the run upon the savings banks.

THE ENDING OF THE LORDS.

IN his clever book, "The Baronage and the Senate," Mr. Macpherson is good enough, in attacking the suggested abolition of the House of Lords, to take me, in the most courteous language, personally and severely to task. THE SPEAKER inclines, perhaps, rather towards the mending than the ending of the House of Lords; but as there are some of us who are greatly opposed to such schemes of life-peerage as Mr. Macpherson proposes, and who, if we have to make the choice, would sooner keep the Lords as they are than go through what we think so disastrous a pretence of reforming them, perhaps you will let me say for myself why we hold these views.

Briefly, the difficulties between the House of Commons and the House of Lords are caused by the fact that, whatever the majority in the Commons, the Lords are invariably a Conservative assembly, led by the leader of the Conservative party; that the Lords represent landowning in all questions where tenants are concerned, Church in all questions where Nonconformists are concerned, and wealth in all questions where taxation is concerned. It is, then, no cure for the evils of the present system to substitute for the House of Lords another house which would also be, in all probability, landowning,

and to a certainty Conservative, propertied, and Churchy. Better by far allow the House of Lords to go the way which English analogies would lead us to expect that it should go in time, peers of ability standing for the Commons at the invitation of the Commons, who will admit them, and the veto of the House of Lords dropping into desuetude, than set up a new assembly of the same description with a fresh lease of life.

Mr. Macpherson, treating the question as one between ending and mending, and strong in his defence of the House of Lords, having his own (as his publisher puts it) "drastic scheme of reform," refuses to face the fact that for present purposes the choice seems to lie between mending the Lords into a stronger, but still actively obstructive, body, and allowing them to drop into an honourable decrepitude. He asks me, then, if I have considered the effect of the reduction of Parliament to a single Chamber on the relations existing between the Mother Country and the Colonies and India. Need I say that I have thought much upon the subject? The Crown constitutes, indeed, a tie between the various portions of the Empire. The House of Lords, it seems to me, does not; and though it be true, as Mr. Macpherson puts it, that it contains many members of Indian and Colonial experience, it is probable that the ablest and least fossilised of these would, in the event of our having but a single Chamber, be elected to that House. But, says Mr. Macpherson, the members of the House of Lords are at present exempt from direct local responsibility. He suggests that men like Lord Roberts, for example, would behave dishonestly if elected to the House of Commons; or, to put it the other way, that men like Sir George Chesney cannot honestly serve the country by making use of their Indian experience in the House of Commons, and can only do so if placed in the House of Lords. Surely Lord Roberts will behave in the House of Peers as he would behave if elected by a constituency to the House of Commons, and Sir George Chesney will behave, as the representative of Oxford, pretty much as he would behave were he in the House of Lords. Mr. Macpherson's argument would be a good one if there were facts behind it; but it is in facts that it is lacking.

When Mr. Macpherson comes to detail, he first attacks me for what he describes as an attempt to create party capital out of the attitude of the Salisbury Administration towards Newfoundland, and then attacks Lord Rosebery, "striving to be more colonial than the colonists," for having denounced the cession of Heligoland. Misrepresenting the attitude of Newfoundland, he describes Lord Salisbury's action as "pressure on a recalcitrant and unreasonable colony;" and, misrepresenting Lord Rosebery, he puts his objection, with my own, to the cession of Heligoland as having rested upon the idea that "wherever the British flag has been unfurled it can never be withdrawn." The objection made to the cession of Heligoland was that, never having been German by history, not being German by speech, being devotedly English, it ought not to have been ceded against the wish of its inhabitants except for some considerable gain to the interests of the Empire generally, whereas it was thrown in as a makeweight to a bad bargain, which, whatever may be Lord Rosebery's view—and I have no right to speak for him—I opposed before I heard that the cession of Heligoland formed part of it. As neither the Lords nor the Commons interfered in the case of Heligoland, and as there was no great difference in their action with regard to Newfoundland, it is not easy to see the bearing on Mr. Macpherson's case of this digression.

Mr. Macpherson states, but fails to prove, that the abolition of the House of Lords, if we are to treat it, as he does, as a possibility, would alienate the colonies and imperil our hold on India. On what modern occasions have the Lords done anything to oppose the action of the other House with regard to either the Colonies or India, or to initiate action of their own? It is impossible to deny that the desire to draw our Colonies and dependencies closer to us tends towards some increase of the power of the Crown and even of the personal power of the King; but it may safely be asserted that the House of Lords does not come into the account. Mr. Macpherson rather puts himself out of court in arguing this matter by attacking the home democracy as "Russophile," and declaring that it has lost the sympathies of the Colonial democracies, which are not "Russophile." So far as one can detect a difference between the sentiments of the democracies of the different portions of the Empire, it tells the other way. It may confidently be denied that the democracy of Great Britain is "Russophile," and the chosen organs of the Australian democracy often contain what might be described as Russophile declarations, which somewhat shock us when bluntly stated in the clever form of the Sydney *Bulletin*. Coming to closer quarters, Mr. Macpherson argues that the House of Lords includes men who can afford to tell the truth, while in the House of Commons few members can afford to speak the truth, and fewer still have the courage to do so. The House of Lords, he thinks, is the protection of the Colonies and of the Indian Government from possible encroachments by the House of Commons. Now, it might be said that in our recollection there has been one case where the House of Lords has distinctly encroached upon the liberties of a self-governing Colony—the case of Newfoundland; and, although it was in some degree followed by the House of Commons, the Lower House showed somewhat more tenderness towards the colonists in its action. As regards India, the House of Commons has several times of late interfered by resolution with the action of the Indian Government, as, for example, in the matters of opium and the sale of drink, but the House of Lords has not been able in these cases to throw a shield over the Indian Government. Mr. Macpherson puts a startling and impossible case in suggesting that the House of Commons might seek to force upon the Australian Colonies the Salvationist scheme of immigration. "One free people is utterly unfit to rule another," says Mr. Macpherson. "The Colonies certainly would never consent to be ruled, or even directed, by an Imperial Legislature" (the word is "Legislation," but Mr. Macpherson had no opportunity to correct his proofs) "consisting of one Chamber." But, without arguing the question which he so lightly decides, we may reply that we do not try to rule our colonists of the self-governing Colonies, and shall not try to do so. Like many advocates of Imperial Federation, Mr. Macpherson uses language which is calculated to make those who do not know imagine that the Colonies are pressing us towards that end; the fact being that two Colonies—New South Wales and Queensland—are, so far as can be judged, so bitterly opposed to the scheme as to make it difficult indeed of accomplishment, while in several other Colonies the strong advocates of Imperial Federation who exist there are received locally with plentiful douches of cold water. In the event of such a scheme being brought about, there must, he thinks, be an Upper Chamber, modelled on the Senate of the United States. I have always excepted Federal Senates from any general remarks of a derogatory nature that I have made with regard to Upper Houses. But there is another plan for creating something in the nature of an Upper House for an Imperial, or for a military British Federation, wholly different from that of grafting it on an institution so out of harmony with the Colonial democracies as the present Upper House—namely, the expansion of the Privy Council, and a revival in certain circumstances of its powers. Such a scheme would at least be far more applicable to the difficult case of India. Mr. Macpherson seems to think that there is at present, in the working of our constitution, "some security against the careless adoption, at the instigation of Exeter Hall, of some resolution' such as might do harm to India, but he

forgets that a party majority in the House of Commons can now censure a Secretary of State for India, and thus expel from office the Government of which he is a member, or force its resolutions upon that Government. Resolutions of the House of Commons require no concurrence by the Upper House. Strengthening his case in favour of Upper Houses in the abstract, Mr. Macpherson tells us that all the Australian Colonies adhere to the bi-cameral system. He does not point out how completely this system was imposed upon them from home in their original constitutions. But we must admit that the governing classes in the Australian Colonies are, on the whole, favourable to such a system. When, however, he goes on to assert that the House of Lords provides the country with a "security against revolution," I can only appeal to those who best know our electoral and Parliamentary system as to whether, in the first place, this security is needed; and, in the second place, could ever be, if it were necessary, effective. Mr. Macpherson threatens many of us with having to give place to peers in the event of the abolition of the House of Lords; and triumphantly asserts the position that it would be impossible to refuse to allow peers to be elected to the House of Commons. Those who are in favour of the change have, however, always argued that it would improve the House of Commons by this very method of bringing Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery, and many other distinguished political leaders, into closer touch with the constituencies and seating them in the House of Commons. Mr. Macpherson, indeed, imagines that the peers who would come into the Commons would be very few; because, he says, we should not stultify ourselves, after abolishing the House of Lords, by converting the House of Commons into the House of Lords. He seems to ignore the fact that it may be possible stoutly to object to peers upsetting our measures without having been given any popular mandate so to do, and yet to recognise in great numbers of them high capacity for the public service and that ripe experience which we should like to be able to find among the candidates for whom we vote.

So much for Mr. Macpherson's special chapter; but in the latter portions of his work he takes a bolder course. He suggests the establishment of local legislatures in England and Scotland as well as Ireland:—Why not in Wales, which of all the principal parts of the United Kingdom has the keenest local life? He admits "that the House of Lords in dealing with agrarian legislation occupies a very false position. In origin a House of landlords, it is to a large extent a House of landlords still. . . . It seems a pity and a mistake that the House of Lords as a House of landlords should conduct its own case. It provides the Radical party with at least the semblance of a grievance. . . . The House of Lords appears to the multitude to be judging its own case." By his plan of Home-Rule-all-round, Mr. Macpherson excludes the House of Lords from all share in internal politics, and yet he has charged me with finding "the amendment or revision of the Constitution" "a trifle." Mr. Macpherson admits also that "the Radical party has a just ground for complaint in the callous and contemptuous treatment of measures that have passed the House of Commons at the hands of Peers who as a rule take no part in politics, and pay little or no attention to political questions. There are too many peers who stroll down to a great Parliamentary discussion as they might to a general meeting of their club. . . . The real levity, and the apparent insolence, of such handling of great national questions is deeply and bitterly resented, nor is it possible to say that such resentment is unwarranted. . . . The careless indifference to the affairs of the nation ordinarily exhibited by many peers is set in a still more unfavourable light when contrasted with the zeal shown to discredit Toryism, and imperil the Constitution, by throwing out, for the occasion only, some Radical measure which some of them have not so much as read, and of which others have not the sense to understand the mischief."

Mr. Macpherson's conclusion is that the Radical complaint against the constitution of the House of Lords is that it is hereditary. This opinion is, no doubt, based on motions which Mr. Labouchere brought forward year by year, but which have now been abandoned. The fact is, that the objection of the constituencies to the House of Lords is not this, but that it is a House with a majority invariably in the hands of the Conservative party, invariably ready to reject any Liberal measure which the managers of the Conservative party desire to have rejected—a House of landowners—a House of rich men—a House of Churchmen. Mr. Macpherson suggests that the Lords should themselves put forward a comprehensive scheme of reform, and in this way compel the Liberal party to accept their terms. Here lies the danger. I agree with Mr. Macpherson that if judiciously managed such a scheme would be forced on those, the majority of the party, who, like, I believe, THE SPEAKER, are for the reform of the House of Lords. It could not be forced upon those of us who believe that by such a reform that House would only be made more obstructive.

CHARLES W. DILKE.

A RECENT ORANGE HOLY WAR.

IT is useful to recall the warlike gasconade of the Orange parsons while the Irish Church was in process of being disestablished; but it surprises me that nobody has yet thought of a much more recent and more striking instance of the Antient Pistol-like ferocity with which the Ulster Orangemen bid defiance to even the most moderate reforms, and the docility with which they afterwards accept them. I allude to the Orange uprising of the winter of 1883, with the openly-avowed programme of preventing—by bloodshed, if necessary—the Nationalists from holding a meeting within the province of Ulster. We held only three Ulster constituencies under the narrow franchise that then prevailed. The prospect of the Household Suffrage Bill of 1884 opened up a chance of giving the Ulster Nationalists a representation proportioned to their numbers. During the winter of 1883 a series of meetings was organised with the view of arousing the Nationalists of the north to the constitutional strength the approaching reform of the franchise must give them. Thereupon the Orangemen of "the Imperial Province" uprose with far more ferocity than they have displayed in the present crisis, and declared that this must not be—that the Ulster borders were a loyal preserve, within which no Nationalist Member of Parliament must set his foot on pain of death—and that, if the Executive did not suppress the Nationalist meetings, the "sons of William" would do it themselves with their revolvers and in warlike array. To make the comparison with the present emergency the closer, the leader of the Tory party of the day (Sir Stafford Northcote), like the leader of the Tory party of to-day, made an expedition to Belfast to harangue excited multitudes in orange scarves, and to implore them not to nail the Nationalist's ears to the pump. The position taken up by the "Loyalists" was one of outrageous arrogance and illegality. It amounted to a crude and brutal claim that the province was theirs; and that the Nationalist Member of Parliament, no matter how constitutionally warranted, who dared to pollute its soil with a Nationalist public meeting, would be sent home in a condition that would "make work for the coroner." "Ulster feeling is now stirred to its lowest depths," said a writer in the *Daily Express* (27th October, 1883), "and the determination is to waste no more time, but to take sure measures, if a disloyal meeting is again attempted, that it will be the last." This was

not mere brag and bluster, the editor took care to warn the "invaders." "It is a warning which they will do well to respect. Let them call it a threat if they choose. There it is to be read and pondered. It is no time to quibble about words. The meaning is clear and plain, and the men to whom it is addressed do not shrink from the avowal of their fixed determination." All this lurid rhetoric was not even directed at a Home Rule Bill, but simply against the holding of a peaceful Nationalist meeting in a county (Fermanagh) where the Nationalists twelve months afterwards held the representation of both Parliamentary divisions. "We have made up our minds," Lord Claud Hamilton, M.P., coolly declared at Derry (December 18th, 1883), "that, if the Government fail to prevent Mr. Parnell & Co. making inroads into Ulster, ... if they do not prevent those hordes of ruffians from invading us, we will take the law into our own hands, and we ourselves will." The Constitution gave "those hordes of ruffians" a majority at the polls in Derry a few months afterwards, and Lord Claud Hamilton took the law into his own hands in no more distressing shape than by retiring from public life from that day to this. But the war upon the Nationalist meetings proceeded. We, who had to attend them, were on each occasion threatened with the loss of our lives, and large assemblies of revolver-men, hired by the day, were collected to make good the threats. In vain the Lord Lieutenant of the day (Earl Spencer) mildly represented that the Nationalist meetings were legal. "Military and police," Lord Enniskillen indignantly declared in an address of the Grand Orange Lodge to the Loyalists of the British Empire "were marched from many parts to watch over a Parnellite parade, and save those who invaded Ulster, with hearts of rebels, from the fate that rebels may expect when brought face to face with indignant loyalists." Colonel (he was then Major) Saunderson consoled himself for the disgraceful fact that the Nationalists had received police protection, by smacking his lips over the reflection that, "had it not been for the protection thus afforded I venture to say that their return across the borders of Ulster would have been very different from their entry. (Loud cheers.)" The Loyalists' ingenious way of keeping the peace on those occasions was to summon an Orange counter-demonstration for the same day and the same spot for which a Nationalist meeting was arranged; then to issue bloodthirsty proclamations, hire special trains, and collect their dependents and the rowdies of the province on the spot with revolvers. "Orangemen, let the rebels of the murderous Land League hear the roll of your drums to the tune of the Protestant Boys . . . and compel the rebel conspirators to return to their haunts in the South and West under a guard of military and police." "Think of those who lie in their bloody shrouds at Smithfield, Aughrim, and the Boyne. . . Your resolution to hold a counter-meeting at Rosslea has been printed in the London *Times* and is gone all over the world. The eyes of the world are upon you. To fail will be disgrace and everlasting shame." "As in Derry of yore, the call of duty has to be obeyed, and the ramparts have to be manned in self-defence on whatever day the enemy shows." "Bring your sweethearts (revolvers) and plenty of stuff." "Monaghan is ready, with lots of material wanted." These were the commonplaces of the proclamations in which the Loyalists were exhorted to put down with revolver-shots the right of public meeting in their sacred province. The Lord Lieutenant was driven to proclaim the murderous counter-demonstrations; but Orange insolence grew only the more loud and menacing. Their courage, their principal organ, the *Daily Express*, declared, was not to be put down by "the whiff and wind of a Viceregal letter." The Viceregal proclamation notwithstanding, "the courage and fidelity of the Derry apprentices were not to be shaken by any exercise of arbitrary authority," and those excellent persons fired three revolver shots at the Lord Mayor of Dublin, who was guilty of the inconceivable crime of proposing to deliver a lecture on the Franchise in their city. "Must we wait until blood has been shed and civil war has broken out before an end is made to meetings which stir the blood of Ulstermen?" Lord Rossmore wrote to the *Times* (October, 1883). That worthy nobleman headed a body of men armed with revolvers, who proposed to break through the police, to "carry the rebel meeting at a run in spite of the presence of the military and police." He was dismissed from the Commission of the Peace for his misconduct, and the southern landlords and grand jurors whom Lord Spencer's administration had saved from destruction, proceeded to express their gratitude by denouncing him for his rebuke to Lord Rossmore, and, in published round-robins, adopting and applauding that ridiculous young nobleman's rowdyism. It was, of course, impossible that so many swaggering incitements to disorder could have been uttered by hundreds of magistrates, landlords, and bellicose parsons without exciting ignorant minds to the point of outrage and bloodshed. An aged nun was frightened to death by a stone-throwing Orange mob returning from one of Sir Stafford Northcote's harangues in Belfast. An unfortunate Nationalist named Maguire was kicked to death near Cootehill by a crew of armed miscreants. An Orange mill-hand, named Giffen, who was paid to attend a counter-demonstration in Dromore, was run through with a bayonet when taking part in a determined attempt to provoke a riot. "The men may have misbehaved," said the *Daily Express* in inveighing against "the murder" of Giffen, "they may have deserved what they got; but it is very painful to the feelings of all people to find the Queen's troops charging and cutting down even rioters who are urged on to riot by loyalty." The criminal responsibility of the aristocratic leaders for this unfortunate lad's death is sufficiently clear from a speech shortly after made by Colonel Schwabe, who commanded the Hussars on the occasion, and who said: "The meetings were about half a mile apart, and we had little difficulty in keeping order, till Lord Claud Hamilton told the Loyalists that being loyal men they must respect the law, but as the Government did not put down the rebels that it was their duty to do so, but, he said, by legal means. (Laughter.) It is very much like the story: 'There is a duck-pond, but for God's sake don't duck him in it.' (Laughter.) Anyone might have foretold what that would lead to." Nevertheless, because the public authorities interfered to prevent Lord C. Hamilton's hint from being put into action, a distinguished Ulster statesman (who is now Mr. Justice Holmes) declared in a public speech that Earl Spencer had "the guilt of the blood of Giffen on his head." But the important point, in considering the significance of the present hurricane of blatherskite which is sweeping over Ulster, is that the one vigorous exercise of authority at the Dromore meeting put an end to all the valorous arrangements of Lord Claud Hamilton and his friends "taking the law into their own hands," and "driving the invaders south of the Boyne," and "making work for the coroner upon their bodies." The Household Suffrage Act passed peacefully the next year. The General Election came the year after. The "invaders" not only declined to retreat south of the Boyne, but, without firing a shot or producing even a single riot, took possession of a majority of the seats in "the Imperial Province." West Belfast was won, so was Derry city, so were South Derry, South Tyrone, East Tyrone, Mid Tyrone, the four divisions of Donegal, the two divisions of Fermanagh, Monaghan, and Cavan, and the southern divisions of Armagh and Down; and all the maledictions of the warrior Grand Masters notwithstanding, nobody was a penny the worse. That astounding revolution in the representation of Ulster was accomplished without a life being lost, or even a street

riot provoked—in a province where a few months previously the men who are now vowing to take the field in arms against Home Rule were then vowing, just as valorously and in as extravagant adjectives, to repeat the Boyne and Aughrim rather than permit so much as a peaceful Nationalist franchise meeting within the borders of the province. The Mr. Chamberlain of 1884 denounced the spirit displayed by the Orange Grand Masters as one of "unreasoning ferocity." In the present Holy War he will probably outdo the Rev. R. R. Kane in Ulsteria. Lord Salisbury, also, is a much more successful inflammatory orator than the late Sir Stafford Northcote. It is highly likely that Nationalists of a more robust constitution than an infirm old man, will receive evidence of his lordship's efficiency as a rabble-rouser. There are always crackbrained young Giffens at hand to translate the flouts and jibes of their noble patrons into paving-stones. I am afraid it would be unsafe to calculate that the present better organised appeals to all that is most combustible and least intelligent in Orangedom will evaporate as harmlessly as the proclamations and counter-demonstrations of poor Giffen's comrades and paymasters in 1883-84. I have judged it useful, however, to refresh public memory as to this recent page of Ulster history, if it were only to remind simple Britons that precisely the same sort of speeches, vows, and threats which are being bawled out from the Ulster lodges to-day, in view of an Irish Parliament, were indulged in ten years ago in response to an enlargement of the franchise and the modest claim of Nationalists to hold a peaceful public meeting within the province of which they form half the population. The moral is that Ulsteria breaks out just as irrationally against the smallest reforms as against the greatest, and that the revolt against an Irish Parliament will die away as surely as the revolt against the Nationalist right of public meeting, the moment it becomes evident that the British elector has made up his mind that the Orangemen's fears are whimsical, and their menaces of civil war—fudge!

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

AN ENLARGED HOUSE.

MR. KNOWLES, with admirable editorial foresight, has provided those who want to enlarge the House of Commons, and those who don't, with something tangible to argue over in this month's *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. Charles Barry's view of an enlarged House gives a very fair notion of what the premises would look like if the proposed change were carried out. We doubt if the picture will make many converts. At a first glance it looks imposing, but the practical or working Member, who knows his House of Commons, will at once consider with dread how this vast establishment would look and feel and sound during nine-tenths of its effective time, when it was occupied not by an audience of 670 dead-heads, but by the select fifty or sixty who devote themselves to the humdrum everyday business of the place—by such an audience, say, as remained on Monday night when the sporting division was over, to discuss Sir John Gorst's motion about dockyard labour. Fancy the voice of a lonely man on the back benches echoing down the vacant wastes between him and the Chair. And with what a sense of vaulted emptiness the few who would be huddled together on the front benches would be oppressed and chilled! Mr. Barry is son of Sir Charles Barry, the original architect of the House, and he makes his plan with an intimate knowledge of the limitations which Parliamentary opinion has imposed upon this project from time to time when it has arisen. The Committee of 1868, for example, recommended that the House should not be lengthened, consequently he does not lengthen it—he broadens it. An insuperable objection then put forward was the fact that a temporary House would have to be provided while the new one was being prepared. Mr. Barry's plan is so devised that the alterations can be done during two recesses without any such temporary eviction of Members or any interruption of business taking place. Having regard to these limitations Mr. Barry's is, on the whole, probably the readiest way of meeting the difficulty that can be suggested. It is also, no doubt, the cheapest way. But the result is an ugly, as well as an unsatisfactory, Chamber—a Chamber broader, much broader, than it is long. If the change is to be made at all, it ought to be done well, with spirit and taste, and hang the expense. We much prefer the design which has for some time past adorned the walls of the tea-room, but that is a drastic scheme which would involve the remodelling of the Lobby. If we could imagine for a moment (which we do not) that the thing was really going to be done, our suggestion would be to follow the lines of that very beautiful Chamber, the House of Lords. A House of Commons that size would be big enough for all purposes and yet not too big, while its proportions would be perfect. We do not know whether such a House could accommodate the full 670 Members. Probably not. But here is where those who are exercising their minds about this matter would have to take a lesson from Mr. Charles Barry's father. A Chamber built on the principle of providing a comfortable seat for each and every one of its 670 Members would be a profound and dismal failure. Sir Charles Barry was a great architect, and he knew what he was about when he deliberately proceeded on the principle of making the House suitable for the average audience which occupies it rather than for the audience that only gathers there once in a way. He did not, perhaps, sufficiently allow for the increase of membership that was likely to have taken place after his time, and it might have been better if he had made the House a wee bit larger. But his principle was sound. You cannot make a collapsible and expansible House which would be ideally comfortable under all circumstances. If its acoustic properties be perfect for an easily-seated audience of 670, they will be decidedly imperfect for an audience of 70 or 170; and so with its other qualities. Which of these audiences is more likely to use the House oftenest? Which is it better to plan for—the usual or for the exceptional? The truth is that even the present House, though it may have its inconveniences now and then, is so generally suitable for working hours that it will have to be put up with. It should be borne in mind, too, that the tendency henceforward will be rather to reduce the number of Members in the House, and this tendency will be accompanied by another—a tendency to devolve more business upon Grand Committees. As it is, the hard work of Parliament is done either upstairs in Committee-rooms or by a number of Members on the floor of the House which a fair-sized Committee-room would easily accommodate. The demand for enlargement comes not from these working bees, but from the less responsible class of Members who look for sport and sensation on the comparatively rare occasions when they honour the Chamber with their presence, and who want a roomy theatre in which to enjoy the treat—from these and from new Members who have not yet quite grasped their bearings. Plain common-sense is in this instance entirely in favour of the *status quo*. The advocates of enlargement have no sufficient arguments against it. If they think they have we should like to hear them.

THE DIVERSIONS OF AN EX-MINISTER.

ONE of the features of English public life that most impresses foreign observers is the interest shown and the eminence attained by English public men in scholarship and learning. As one of the

most eminent of German professors said to the present writer some years ago, "You would never find two German statesmen who would seek their recreation in Homer, like the late Lord Derby and Mr. Gladstone." But there are numberless instances more striking than that. Lord Salisbury, by his researches in chemistry, combined with his Chancellorship of the University of Oxford, has qualified himself to become President of the British Association at its meeting in that city next year. Mr. Gladstone last year not only produced a brilliant sketch of the history of his University, but also a theory of early Greek Kingship which would have made the fortune of any aspiring young specialist. We have just had another book from the Duke of Argyll, which, as we indicated in reviewing it, displays conspicuously both the merits and the defects of the gifted amateur. Mr. Arthur Balfour made his real entry into public life, not as a politician, but as a philosopher. The "Defence of Philosophic Doubt" is a work of remarkable subtlety and originality in treatment, and takes a line of argument which, as far as we know, is original in this century at least, if not in modern times. Mr. Balfour has a delight in dialectic for its own sake and a cynicism in politics which has led people who have not read his book to treat it as a mere bit of scepticism. But Mr. Balfour is a sceptic only in the sense that the Greek Eleatics or Megarians were sceptics. He attacks science and other people's metaphysics, not in pure pleasure of dialectic or scoffing scepticism, but in the interest of the supernatural. He wants to show that, as the logical foundations of science and philosophy are questionable, theology has at least an equal claim to acceptance. But his real leanings, we suspect, are to ethics.

In his address before the Cambridge Ethical Society on Saturday evening Mr. Balfour took up the line in relation to ethics indicated in one of the appendices to his "Defence of Philosophic Doubt." That is to say, he insisted on the ultimate character of the bases of morals—the moral obligation and the moral agent. It was quite time, for the ethical movement—which to so many noble and earnest souls is fast taking the place of a theology now, just as in ancient times—is becoming more and more naturalistic. More than ever it is the habit of moral philosophy to resolve obligation into a transformed sentiment of social pleasure or a transformed expectation of social pain; and to treat the action of the moral agent as determined for him by a beneficent circumstance rather than by a transcendental Self. In opposition to this Mr. Balfour urged on Saturday that man was not a mere event among events, a phenomenon among phenomena, but a spiritual being, an ἀρχὴ πραξέων, an ultimate source of action, and that obligation was an ultimate, undecomposable fact. Moral action, he maintained, depends on the sentiment of reverence attaching to the moral law; and if the moral law is regarded as the mere product of an unintelligent nature, the sentiment must fail at once.

We do not ourselves agree with the view that moral obligation is unresolvable into any simpler factors. *Experto crede.* Everybody who has read moral philosophy has seen the process done many times; and we cannot see why Mr. Balfour should find it so utterly unsatisfactory. Mr. Balfour simply denies that you can get "I ought to do" out of "I shall suffer if I don't do," and disdains to examine the question any further. But it is not too much to say that the idea of obligation and moral sanction is not vital to a system of ethics at all. It does not appear in any system of ancient moral philosophy whatever, unless it be for imperfectly moralised beings, the "incontinent man" of Aristotle and the Stoic Fool. Of course, the Greek idea that the essence of moral action is conformity to a system takes the place now held by the idea of obligation. None the less, this latter is a legal idea which does not arise till moral philosophy takes a legal form; and that is the effect of Jewish and Christian, more especially of Pauline, teaching. But this legal form is only one way of synthesising moral conceptions, and it is a synthesis which Aristotle did very well without. Moreover, to give the moral law the weight afforded by centuries of inherited experience seems to us to strengthen rather than to weaken its force. Conscience really does speak with authority when it sums up the experience of the race. But Mr. Balfour was on firmer ground on Saturday in his insistence on the freedom of the will. Disguise it how we may when we are spectators of the action of others, it is only philosophers of a very exceptional type indeed who hold their hands in the work of reform because improvement comes by evolution and not by individual initiative. Mr. Henry George in his last book tells a story of a disciple of Mr. Herbert Spencer, who was deeply moved at the corruption of politicians in New York. But when he was asked to suggest a remedy he said, "We must wait for evolution. Perhaps in five thousand years or so another sort of politician will be developed." Had all the respectable citizens of New York been Spencerians they would not have cleared out the Tweed Ring.

All civilised persons, except the exponents of "naturalistic" morals when in the act of expounding, accept this originating power as an ultimate fact; and the greatest problem of ethics to-day is to find some method of reconciling the consciousness of it with what is known of the uniformity of nature. Wundt has found one method, someone else (we think M. Naville) has gone back to Cartesianism for another. Philosophers of all schools tend to exalt the importance of mind, the constructor of nature if not its creator: and in so doing they exalt the Ego. Until the gulf is bridged, ordinary students will do wisely to acquiesce in the attitude of Kant, and accept for a while the incompatibility of our scientific and our moral ideas as an unexplained fact.

But Mr. Balfour's contributions to philosophy suggest a question which his admirers must often have asked themselves already. Has not he missed his vocation in life? Would he not have been better employed writing that big book on ethics he once contemplated, and bringing into the lecture-room the stimulating influence of an original thinker and a man of affairs, rather than in misgoverning Ireland and devising doctrinaire and fatuous schemes for its local administration, or achieving "perfect accord" with Mr. Chamberlain, and waging an unequal contest for popular leadership with Lord Randolph Churchill? The philosopher in politics is a noble ideal. But he must not be a mere Megarian or Eleatic. He must bring back positive beliefs from the world of thought; not mere dialectical skill in undermining the existent. He must respect circumstance, and not try to override it; must submit to events, not ignore them; must not be so dazed by the splendour of the ideal world as to be at the mercy of Irish police inspectors in the real. One of the reports of his address complains of its rhetorical character. There was no mere rhetoric about the "Defence of Philosophic Doubt." Is not the change due to Mr. Balfour's presence on Tory platforms and his association with the Primrose League? Diogenes the tyrant after his overthrow followed the useful profession of a schoolmaster. Mr. Balfour may yet end his career in a Chair of Moral Philosophy. At any rate, he could do no harm there, and he would probably do some good.

THE LADIES' GALLERY.

PARLIAMENT lends an ear to many plaints, real and fanciful; but it has long been deaf to the cry of imprisoned and asphyxiated beauty. Years ago it was the habit of Mr. Montague Guest to call attention annually to the barbarism of stifling women in a dark room behind a *grille* in the House of Commons. This protest was supposed to be an

aristocratic whim. Stern Radicals sniffed on back benches at the waste of public time by a cavalier whose handsome presence suggested love gages, a silk handkerchief tied round his arm, a glove in the very curly brim of his hat, and other fripperies of sentiment which legislators, bent on the discharge of prosaic business, could not abide. Year after year Mr. Montague Guest made a perfectly sensible speech about the absurdity of shutting ladies in the House behind a lattice where it was very difficult to see, and scarcely possible to breathe. The grievance was treated as trivial, and when Mr. Montague Guest disappeared from the Parliamentary scene he had no successor, and the women lost their only champion. There are gentlemen who interest themselves in the question of women's suffrage, but it does not occur to them to suggest that a democratic Chamber might make a concession to feminine interest in public affairs by treating ladies at least as hospitably as they are treated in the House of Lords. It has never struck even the most reactionary peer that women who listen to the debates of the Upper House ought to be incarcerated in a cage and secluded from male companionship. In the House of Lords ladies have all the privileges of other visitors. They are permitted to gaze at the imposing form of Lord Salisbury and the dauntless front of the Duke of Argyll without any intervening grating to mitigate the dazzling radiance of so much statesmanship and personal magnificence. They illuminate the Chamber with brilliant toilettes, and even the most susceptible nobleman has never been accused of forgetting his country's welfare before the dinner hour in the charms of some bewitching auditor. But in the House of Commons the proposal to remove the *grille* has always been scouted, and any provision for the comfort of the occupants of the Ladies' Gallery is the last idea to enter the heads of legislators who are absorbed in the absurdities of Parliamentary procedure.

It is true that a lift has been recently provided for the convenience of visitors to this quarter of the House, and that ladies are not now compelled to climb several pairs of stairs. But nothing has been done to relieve the gloom of the Gallery, in which the unfortunate women are denied light and air alike as if they were the inmates of a dungeon. No one who is not seasoned to the atmosphere can breathe it without nausea, for all the foul air rises to the Ladies' Gallery, though, for the matter of that, it would be difficult to say in what part of the House the mysterious fumes produced by the most scientific ventilation, can by any stretch of courtesy be called fresh. The Parliamentary air, indeed, is so totally unlike any other that you are tempted to suppose it proceeds from the imperfect interment of dead amendments. From the Ladies' Gallery it is impossible to see half the eminent persons in whom the fair spectator must be interested; while Algernon, driven by stress of circumstances to a back bench, does not shed even the light of his shirt-front on the anxious eye of Evelina, to whom that spotless expanse is the beacon of intellect and patriotism. In a plan lately propounded for the enlargement of the House there is a suggestion that a second gallery for ladies should be constructed above the present one—an altitude which would make sight and hearing, and the humble but indispensable function of breathing, a great deal more difficult than they are now. It is characteristic of the scientific intelligence which is brought to bear on this question, that the separation of the sexes in the House of Commons is taken for granted as if it were a dogma of the Constitution. If ladies can sit with men in the galleries of the Lords without precipitating chaos, what is the sense of banishing them in the other Chamber to a noisome compartment where only a few who happen to be able to thrust their faces against the lattice can catch any glimpse whatever, even of the irreconcilable form of Colonel Nolan on a bench far below the gangway? In an enlarged House, with ample room for members on the floor, the side galleries might be allotted to strangers without discrimination of sex. Here women would be free from a restriction worthy only of Blue Beard, and would at least get a fair allowance of the air which is specially manufactured in the House of Commons, no doubt to symbolise the great inquest of the nation.

In the days when Mr. Montague Guest led his forlorn hope it was surmised by the polished humour of the period that the onslaught on the lattice of the Ladies' Gallery was designed to furnish a new distraction to the gilded youth of the Legislature. Gentlemen from the country, who had left their women-folk at home, had a suspicion that instead of trying to catch the Speaker's eye, Algernon would be constantly seeking the orb of Evelina if the obstruction which hid that sparkling luminary were removed. It is a moot point whether Algernon would not be better employed in this harmless star-gazing than in the childish pranks which pass for Parliamentary tactics with a considerable number of members at the present juncture. The admission of ladies to the open galleries might, however, be attended by safeguards like the concession of Home Rule. Duennas elected on a twenty-wrinkle franchise might be made imperative chaperones to check the ardour of Algernon with a frosty stare. Or the Speaker, who now calls to order any member seeking relief from a tedious discussion by opening a newspaper, might pounce with equally ruthless promptitude on the youthful legislator who allowed his attention to wander from the orders of the day to the charms above. These rules would not be a whit more absurd than the Turveydrop graces of Black Rod, the official torture of unhappy persons in the Strangers' Gallery who want to sleep through intervals of dulness, or any other of the thousand and one devices for perpetuating the fossilised superstitions of Parliamentary etiquette. The assumption that the business of the House of Commons is so sacred a mystery that it must be observed by the feminine eye only through a grating, as if it were but one degree removed in sanctity from the rites of freemasonry, might have been fitly buried with Mr. Newdigate. We do not suggest that the subject of the Ladies' Gallery should be revived in the form which it took in Mr. Montague Guest's heyday, for that might give a new idea to the multifarious leaders of the Opposition for obstructing the Estimates. But if the First Commissioner of Works were to discuss the matter with other practical men during the Parliamentary vacation, something like a general agreement might be effected next year for the removal of the worst hardships which now await the lady who wants to admire the martial person of Colonel Saunderson.

A NEW LITERARY IMPULSE.

IT is interesting to find when even warm believers in the social evolution at which we are supposed to be assisting are downright pessimistic about its probable effects upon literature, that so eminent a man of letters as Mr. Stopford Brooke is in quite another mood. Both here and on the Continent there are those who fear that humanity in the Western civilisation is falling into its old age. We are menaced on the one hand by new barbarisms, and on the other by a prospect of level and senile ease, compared with which (to some temperaments) the barbarisms would be a welcome diversion. In that armchair state we are to betake ourselves wholly to history and criticism, that refuge of intellects when civilisations have grown over-ripe, that noble but melancholy pre-occupation of decadences, as we fancy M. Anatole France has somewhere called the art in which he so charmingly excels. Poetry is to perish for want of great themes, light-and-shadow giving contrasts, inspiring necessities, and for want of spirit for such stuff in the

breast of the comfortable multitude. We shall amuse ourselves by criticising the deeds of our ancestors, either sadly admiring them, or still more sadly exploding the fables by which our admiration has hitherto been cheated. Everybody will be able to rhyme, and rhyme well, for higher education will be universal and compulsory; every literary form will be worn out, the greatest problems of thought will be hackneyed, and the time will come, predicted by Mr. Pearson's terrible book, when the student will recoil from every new variation of the old topics as a lover of music closes his ear against familiar melodies ground out on a barrel-organ. There be those indeed who would contend that that moment has already come. The Greek mythology, the siege of Troy, the Arthurian romances, the Scandinavian sagas, are they not pale, pale from overwork? Can new poets again excite us with the themes they furnish? It is true that Mr. Buchanan has recently made some stir with a novel version of so old a story as the Redemption. But Mr. Buchanan is one of those corruscating exceptions which rather herald the endings of things.

To all this pessimism Mr. Stopford Brooke opposes an admirable faith. He admits the exhaustion of topics, he admits that English poetry at the present moment stands in need of a fresh impulse. But he looks for help to the very cause which others dread. The needed impulse is to come "partly from the social movement towards a simpler, wiser, and happier life for both rich and poor, the grave excitement of which has already begun to act with vigour on society at large." This "will not give the subject-matter of poetry, but it will emotionalise England into the temper of soul in which poetry becomes easy on all subjects." As for the fresh subject-matter, that, he told his audience in Bloomsbury last week, is to be furnished by the Irish Literary Society. There is something startling and, as it were, paradoxical in this announcement. And yet it may be as Mr. Brooke says; everything is possible. It would not be the first time—as Matthew Arnold made the general world know—that English literature received a vitalising influence from Irish imagination. It may be read in Mr. Brooke's recent book what, even in Anglo-Saxon days, it began to owe to this rich source. Why should not English poetry replenish its exhausted vigour here again? The means are at hand in abundance, in luxuriance. Buried in piles of manuscripts, both in Ireland and England and elsewhere, is "a new world of imaginative work, of myths, tales, legends, faerie romance, lyric and epic poems, Pagan and Christian thought, first uninfluenced by Latin literature and then influenced by it—a twofold position unique in Europe." Mr. Brooke does well to speak of "the astonishing extent" of this literature. Few outside the Royal Irish Academy, and a few Irish scholars and French and German savants, have any adequate idea of it. And it is all, so far as this age is concerned, absolutely new, a literature—full of passion and adventure, of chivalrous thought and deed, of social colour, full of humanity and the Celtic love of nature—with which, practically speaking, we are totally unacquainted. It is to be the mission of the Irish Literary Society, according to Mr. Brooke, to put into English, and in suitable literary form, some of the best of these manuscripts. It is to weave together, as Malory did, the tales belonging to a given cycle or a given hero; to put into the form of short poems in English the "episodes, adventures of war or love or fairyland, of strange deaths and romantic voyages," in which these ancient stories abound. Irish literature, in short, is, by means of the new society, to be got "well and statelily afloat, like a noble ship on the world-wide ocean of the English language, so that it may be known and loved and admired wherever the English language goes." It is a noble mission, and we can only wish the society may succeed in carrying it out.

We see no reason why it should not, if its men do not sink into mere preciosity and provincialism. After all, it is individuals who must do such work as this: the poet who catches an inspiration from an ancient legend, the literary artist who works at a translation with such loving ardour that he compels its very spirit to take possession of him: a society can but back them up, though that is a great deal. What individuals have effected already, without any society to aid them, may be seen in scores of poems, both in verse and prose, now scattered amongst the literary baggage of various writers. Sir Samuel Ferguson's renderings from "The Cattle-Spoil of Cooly" and from the legends of Cuchullain are an example of these. So are Mr. Aubrey de Vere's "Legends of St. Patrick" and his "Bard Ethell," the latter truly great poem being one of the finest illustrations in the English language of the meeting of the Pagan and Christian currents, one of their last meetings, in a typical Gaelic personality. The younger men have also been doing something themselves—Mr. Todhunter with his adaptations, Mr. Douglas Hyde with his folk-lore. From Mr. Yeats, with his exquisite feeling for form, much is to be expected in the future, especially if he can emancipate himself from the little "sheeogue" and "luricaun" way of looking at everything, which tends to give his subjects a certain paltry and exotic air. Mr. Leamy, ex-M.P., too, in a little volume of fairy tales, has shown that the true Celtic magic is in his fingers. Of all the men of this later band it is Mr. Standish O'Grady who seems to us to have done, so far, the most admirable work. His "History of Ireland, Heroic Period" is simply a fragment of a great epic put into English prose not unworthy of Ossianic Gaelic; and he published a little book last year, in Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Children's Library," containing a rendering of more of the Ossianic stories, which illustrates, better than anything else of the kind that has appeared, the essentially virile and heroic character of this literature. "How came you, the Faians, to have such power, when a knowledge of the true God was denied you?" asks Patrick of his guest, Caelta, in an interview which recalls more than one Homeric scene. And the hero answered: "O Talkend, it was because we had truth in our hearts, strength in our hands, and discretion in our tongues"—a speech which Patrick bids his scribe commit to writing. There can be little doubt in the minds of close observers that there are all the materials for an Irish literary renaissance, which is ready to burst forth once the weight that keeps down the spring of Irish genius is removed by the settlement of the national question. The Irish is a literary and scholastic temperament, even more than it is a political. It was Newman's dream that the nation should find its salvation in that way, and become once again the university of the world. Aubrey de Vere, too, has striven more than once to put this idea before his countrymen. The dream may be realised after the political solution, in which neither of these men believed, has been effected; it will certainly not be realised before. Those who live long enough may see an Irish literature spring up which will become a far more attractive rallying-centre for the national sentiment than the humdrum Parliament in College Green, busy about its dairy industry and its fishery piers. Such a literature might help to save that of England from being smothered under the comforts of that Utopia which our Collectivists are preparing for us.

HIPPOLYTE ADOLPHE TAINE.

THE grief of the Frenchmen who mourn Taine's death is reciprocated in this country. In France he was the admitted head of its modern literature after Renan had passed away. Yet he was not conspicuous in public places, and a theatrical performance at which the notable persons in Paris would attend as a duty was never honoured by his

presence. As an Academician, a seat was reserved for him in the Théâtre Français; but since his election to the Academy in 1878, he never availed himself of the privilege. When other men of letters among his contemporaries were beginning to amuse themselves, he was preparing to go to bed, and when they were doing so also, he was rising to work at his great History of Modern France. However, he was not a hermit, living for himself alone and working out his salvation by shunning the society of his fellow-men. He was a genial host and a charming companion, and he never grudged the time from writing in which he could entertain a friend.

His death, before completing his sixty-fifth year, has been sudden, but not unexpected. When a young man, and compelled to earn his daily bread by his pen, he brought on a serious illness by overtaxing his strength; in later life, when he had more of this world's goods than was necessary for his simple tastes, he worked with as great persistence out of sheer love for letters. One of the ambitions of his life was to narrate for the instruction of his countrymen the true story of the first French Revolution. Others had told the tale from different points of view. None before him had devoted many years to groping among the official archives, ascertaining the facts from contemporary and authentic sources before writing a line, and caring nothing for the effect which his revelations might produce. This History has subjected him to reproaches from Republicans, Monarchists, and Bonapartists. His own impartiality was absolute; but few, if any, Frenchmen can credit the fact that political partisanship was contrary to his nature. He cared nothing for politics as an art. He published a little book in 1872 which demonstrated that he did not understand them. It treated of universal suffrage and the manner of voting, and its purpose was to show how universal suffrage might be rendered harmless, his plan consisting in the candidate being chosen by a body delegated by the mass of electors. This election by double stages prevails in Prussia and in parts of the Austrian Empire, but the results have not been such as to commend it for general adoption. The unpractical part of his scheme consisted in withdrawing from the electors a right which they had long exercised, and which many of them valued. Taine set forth plausible arguments in support of it; but existing facts and conditions, which the statesman who is versed in practical politics must take into account, did not receive from him the attention which they deserved, and his well-meant effort really demonstrated that he was unfitted by nature and training to deal with political questions. In this respect he resembled Gibbon, and to his mind the ideal government may have resembled that which Gibbon set forth in his "Essay on Literature," the government under the Emperor Augustus seeming to him to combine all that was wanted for happiness—"Chains insensibly worn by the people, a prince acting as one of themselves, a Senate respected by its master."

Taine died in affluent circumstances; but he had known the misery of struggling for a livelihood. His widowed mother had a hard task in rearing him and two sisters. When he had received an excellent education, had displayed unusual talents, and had resolved to trust for support to his pen, he was seized with an illness which lasted two years. After recovery, his admirable writings brought him a scanty income, his condition being that of Macaulay, who gained but a few hundreds annually when his brilliant essays were appearing in the *Edinburgh Review*. From his youth, Taine had a strong liking for the English books which an uncle had taught him to read. During his long illness he sought for health in the Pyrenees, and then his favourite reading was Spenser's "Faerie Queene." He desired to make his country better acquainted with the literature of that which he admired, and in 1861 he paid a long visit to this country to complete his knowledge, the result being the publication of his "History of English Literature" in 1863; about ten years later, after he had paid us a second visit, his "Notes on England" appeared. Both of these books were translated into English and both had many more readers in the United Kingdom and the United States than in France; and it is chiefly as the author of these works that Taine's name is held in high honour among the English-speaking people. Sainte-Beuve justly says of the first of them, that its title ought to have been "History of the English Race and Civilization in Literature." All the works of Taine were written to illustrate a method of which he was proud. His fellow-pupils at the Normal School regarded him with profound respect, because, in the words of M. Francisque Sarcey, one of the survivors, "he was reputed to have a philosophy of his own." Whether dealing with La Fontaine's Fables or Livy's History, with the philosophers of France or the poets and prose writers of Great Britain, he endeavoured to explain their characteristics by the aid of his method. This consisted in taking into account the race to which a man belonged, the period during which he lived, and his surroundings; Taine contended that these conditions fashioned the man. Moreover, according to him, every man had some ruling faculty which governed and moulded the others, this being the key to his genius. The fault of the author of the method consisted in trying to do too much with it. There was no novelty in showing a man to be influenced by inherited and other facts, but the systematic and skilful way in which the facts were grouped and explained by Taine gave both an air of novelty and a plausibility to the whole. Where he failed was in accounting for one brother out of many proving to be a genius, while the others were ordinary mortals. The elder son of Chatham had all the advantages of the younger; and this is true of the elder son of the first Lord Holland, yet the fame of William Pitt and Charles James Fox throws the second Lord Chatham and the second Lord Holland into the shade. Walter Scott was one out of five brothers; Tennyson had two brothers besides himself who wrote good verses, yet Scott and Tennyson were the geniuses in their families. Goethe's mother gives as good a reason for this as Taine could have done. Writing to her great son, she said, "If you had a little more or a little less of something in your brain you would not be what you are."

Apart from his method, which, though it has influenced the younger generation of French writers, is controvertible and of doubtful validity, Taine stands in the first rank of modern writers. Little of him personally is known to the public, yet it may be truthfully said, "Whatever record leaps to light, he never shall be shamed." His personal charm was not the least noteworthy of his characteristics. His erudition was profound and extensive, and he was always learning. He was a citizen of the intellectual world, while remaining a true and attached son of France. Indeed, "sweet France," as he styled his country, was very dear to his heart. Our own land held the second place there. He understood it as few Frenchmen have done, and he has written about it with an intelligent sympathy such as none of them has displayed. No French name is more highly honoured than that of Taine wherever the English tongue is spoken. His fame in France will not lessen as he is better known. As Taine's memory is cherished by men whose mother-tongue is French and English, it is in safe keeping, and will endure as long as two noble literatures.

THE MODERN PRESS.

X.—The "Morning Post."

If one were to wish for a typical example of the tendency of fashion in journalism, where would one seek it? Not in the *Strand Magazine*, or the *Sporting Times*, or *Truth*, or the *World*. All these have their own significance, and belong essentially to the

"modern side" in the great school of the Press. But it is to sections of the reading public of to-day, rather than to the public as a whole, that they appeal. To test the taste of that familiar personage, the average reader, the gentleman or lady who is merely one of the majority of mankind—a majority characterised with sufficient accuracy and perhaps more than sufficient plainness of speech by the late Mr. Carlyle—one must go to the *Morning Post*. It is, in certain circles, the most popular journal of the day. You may find it in the boudoirs of Mayfair and Belgravia, where the *Times* is looked upon as a vulgar print. It is the accepted organ of the select residents in South Kensington. In the suburbs it has an unrivalled popularity; and in the servants' hall it is omnipotent. Why it should be so, it almost passes the wit of man to discover. No doubt the leading articles in which our contemporary discusses the politics of the time are sufficiently well written. But in politics the *Morning Post* scarcely aspires to take a leading part, and it is not for its leading articles that it is read. Nor can it be said to find favour in the eyes of the world because of the freshness or fulness of the news it gathers in from the four quarters of the globe. Apparently it prides itself on its reliance upon the eminent Baron Reuter for its foreign telegrams. At all events, this is the impression conveyed by a cursory survey of its pages. Perhaps the able man who owns the paper merely gives us fresh proof of his astuteness by his preference for Reuter rather than for a special staff of correspondents of his own. Gentlemen like Mr. Blowitz are not only an expensive, but a questionable luxury; and the great mass of the public probably turn from their disquisitions on the policy of foreign Governments with instinctive aversion. Be this as it may, the *Morning Post* is certainly not read for the sake of the special information which it conveys upon foreign affairs. Nor is it read because of the length of its Parliamentary reports, or the skill shown by its contributors in investing matters of domestic interest with that spice of sensationalism which some other journals affect. So far as general news is concerned, it is a simple, unpretending sheet, on a level with the second-class journals of the provinces. And yet it is the daily food of tens of thousands of readers who desire nothing better in the shape of an organ in the Press, and who believe that when they have read their *Morning Post* they have made themselves the masters of every event that can possibly interest an intelligent and highly respectable world. In fact, in the eyes of the majority of "the classes," it is the only newspaper worth reading. Has it not an unequalled array every morning of advertisements of superior servants seeking to change their situations?

There was a time when the *Morning Post* led a comparatively obscure and struggling existence, but even then gentility was the keynote of the paper. It cost threepence, and thus stood on a similar pedestal to that from which *The Times* proudly looks down upon the penny press. In those days, one can well believe, the *Morning Post*, conscious of its superior gentility, looked down even upon the *Times*. It had the satisfaction of knowing that it was the recognised organ of fashionable society, and though its circulation might be limited, it was distinctly aristocratic in its character. It might have lingered on in this stage of its existence down to the present hour, like some spinster of noble birth but narrow means, dwelling in proud seclusion in a moated grange, indifferent to the brawlings of the vulgar mob outside. But, happily for the paper and its fortunes, its full control passed into the hands of a man of considerable ability and immense natural astuteness. Everybody who knows Sir Algernon Borthwick likes him, and amongst the working journalists of the time he is justly held in special respect for his unselfish zeal in promoting the interests of the Royal Institute of Journalists. It is evident that in addition to his other qualities Sir Algernon possesses a rare knowledge of human nature, and especially of human nature as it affects the newspaper proprietor. In a happy moment he conceived the idea of removing the chaste goddess under his control from her threepenny pedestal, and placing her upon the common earth, on a level with the ordinary penny papers. It must be confessed that it was a courageous act. Who could have imagined that the *Morning Post*, simply by a reduction in its price, would instantaneously leap into successful rivalry with the *Standard*, the *Daily News*, and the *Daily Telegraph*—journals which had fought their way upwards at the cost of a vast expenditure both of capital and talent? But Sir Algernon had faith in the prestige with which the duchesses and their maids had invested his paper. He knew that the outer world had long regarded it, from afar off, as the exclusive organ of the exalted in rank and their domestic parasites. And he entertained a hope, amounting to a conviction, that when this sacred journal which ladies of title found sufficient for their enlightenment was offered to the great public at the popular price, thousands would be eager to enrol themselves among "the classes" by the simple process of subscribing to it. And splendidly was this noble estimate of Sir Algernon's fellow-creatures justified by the event. When once the *Morning Post* was reduced from threepence to a penny, every aspiring soul—from bleak Hampstead to sunny Sydenham—who desired to feel himself or herself at one with Belgravia and Mayfair rushed to buy it, and the result has been a success almost unexampled in the Press. Nor is there anything in the nature of that success which would justify us in addressing any reproach to the man who has gained it. It was not he who made so many of his fellow-creatures snobs; nor can he be blamed for having taken advantage of a national characteristic of which most of us, it is to be feared, are proud rather than ashamed.

So here is to be found the secret of the success of our distinguished contemporary. The meekest hanger-on of the world of fashion who fingers it over a Clapham breakfast-table must thrill at the thought that there are duchesses engaged in the same operation at the same moment—nay, that the eyes of Royalty itself may even then be dwelling upon the paragraph which intimates the approaching nuptials of Mr. de Jones, of Queen's Gate, with Miss Dorothy Smythe, younger daughter of the eminent banker of Westbourne Terrace. And here we remark, in parenthesis, that the special fashionable news, which is the leading feature of the *Morning Post*, has of late years assumed a character which seems to indicate that the customs of the "upper ten thousand" are beginning to be adopted by the particular million that lies nearest to them. Your stockbroker now thinks it needful to announce his engagement in the Press, and of course, in his eyes, it is the *Morning Post* which represents the Press of England. As for the arrivals in and departures from town duly chronicled for the edification of the world, they now read like nothing so much as a page torn at random from the Post Office Directory. Yet, after all, these things have their uses. Demos is king, as everybody admits, from Lord Randolph Churchill downwards. It is just as well therefore that our new monarch should be trained in the nice customs of his predecessors. The *Morning Post* takes him in hand, and teaches him manners, and his soul suns itself in the thought that, thanks to this guide, philosopher, and friend, he is walking even as the great ones of the earth walked before him. Nor is Demos—the Demos who rejoices in the purchase of the *Morning Post*—by any means conscious of the fact that he is a snob. Sufficient for him is it that he feels himself raised to an equality with those whom he once thought his betters, by the medium of this wonderful paper, and that through its influence something of the exquisite refinement of the West End boudoir is wafted into the back-parlours of the suburbs.

THE DRAMA.

"ALEXANDRA"—"THE AMAZONS."

THE drama from the German of Dr. Richard Voss, entitled *Alexandra*, with which Mr. Charles Charrington has opened what, in view of his conscientiousness, his high aims, and his wife's talent, I trust may prove a prosperous season at the Royalty Theatre, is a thing of no great pretension. It is not a work of genius. It is not even a piece of adroit stagecraft. Its sentiment and emotion reach a Teutonic pitch to which our phlegmatic English tastes are not attuned. Nevertheless, it has the saving grace of arresting the attention and holding it. Its central figure is seldom absent from the stage, and, as presented by Miss Janet Achurch, is strangely fascinating. Its theme, if by no means new, is one easily understood—a great point in these days of symbolism and the esoteric theatre—and cannot fail to be interesting to every adult member of the audience.

Moralists have a familiar way of improving the text "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord." They enjoin us to infer that vengeance is most sure, and that when we try to make it ours, the outcome of our plans will be sure to disappoint expectation. Dr. Richard Voss teaches the same lesson. His heroine, Alexandra, is the self-consecrated priestess of vengeance. A man had betrayed her, and basely deserted herself and the child, of whose very existence he was ignorant. The child died, and the mother was accused of its murder. Tired of her own life, hardly knowing what she was accused of, she pleaded guilty—and now, after eight years, she comes out of Portland, a woman of stone, dead to everything save the one thought of vengeance on her betrayer. Her plan is to induce him to marry her, and then to strike him a deadly blow in his most vulnerable point, his family honour—he is an aristocrat of stainless lineage, with a mother more proud than himself—by the revelation that his wife is a convicted felon. The project seems, at first blush, a sufficiently wild one. What hope can she have that a man who has not seen her, or even cared to inquire after her, for eight years will do now what he had no intention of doing at first? A debauchee is not likely to marry his cast-off mistress as readily as Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., marries the lady in *H.M.S. Pinafore*, merely because she says "I'd rather." Besides, the chances are a thousand to one against her being able to keep the secret of her conviction from leaking out. But the dramatist has a short way with these difficulties. He endows Lord Knowlesford with a ready power of repentance and a plentiful lack of inquisitiveness, so that the gentleman at once accedes to the lady's demand that he shall marry her as some reparation for her sufferings, without inquiring of what precise nature those sufferings have been.

His mother, Lady Knowlesford, is less accommodating. She is a woman of rigid piety and stern views on the subject of sexual purity. Her son she has always idolised as the image of his dead father, a highly moral nobleman whose memory she reveres, and whose spirit she is wont to apostrophise at tedious length. Moreover, she is blind and feeble. You can imagine the shock caused by his confession of past sin. But her dead husband, she remembers, was just, and she will be just too. At whatever cost to her own feelings, she will take Alexandra into her house as her son's wife.

Alexandra's plan has thus succeeded beyond expectation, but, in the very moment of her triumphant revenge, she finds she has not the heart to go through with it. She has learnt, first to respect, then to adore Lady Knowlesford. Her feelings towards the son, too, have gradually changed. Her hate has died out, and her old love has revived. The prison chill has thawed at the warm hearth to which she has been welcomed. She begins to feel no longer a champion of a class, a Charlotte Corday (with a difference) appointed to avenge the wrongs of a thousand victims of men's lusts, but a human being once again, a woman tempted by the unhoped-for prospect of love and happiness. She determines, then, to abandon her revenge, to keep her secret to herself for evermore, and to accept as a blessing the marriage which she had intended to use as a curse.

But she has reckoned without the perverse ingenuity of Dr. Voss. The doctor, who has evidently seen *Lady Audley's Secret*, or one of the still earlier melodramas in which the village idiot is a stock-character, cannot resist the temptation of introducing a "softy," or half-witted servant, into his play. This man had loved Alexandra, knew of her secret, and mightily approved her plan of vengeance on the man whom he doubly hates—both as a successful rival and a harsh master. But the prospect of a marriage of affection, in which the hated master shall go unpunished, is not what he bargained for. He can easily put a spoke in that wheel, and does—by betraying Alexandra's secret to Lady Knowlesford. Thereupon nothing remains for Alexandra but to take poison, as Tilburina goes mad, in white satin. That, of course, is the only legitimate ending to the play, and it is a pity that it is not arrived at by more legitimate—that is, more simple and natural—means. The "softy" servant is a bad blunder. Alexandra should have been allowed to make her confession for herself. The play has other weak points besides those I have touched on in my brief narrative of the plot. Alexandra is followed about by a faithful friend, who goes through various "trick-changes," popping up now as a Q.C., now as a Society-newspaper editor, and again as a Socialist candidate for Parliament, but who retains the consistent feature of being a bore. Certain minor personages, too—bailiffs, butlers, school-children, country doctors, and curates—are quite superfluously tedious. On the other hand, two of the subalterns, the manager and proprietress of a demi-respectable West End hotel, are, as played by M. de Lange and Miss Mabel Hardinge, vastly amusing. Mrs. Theodore Wright brings to the part of the mother her invariable conscientiousness and scrupulous care not to o'erstep the modesty of nature; and Mr. Herbert Flemming, when he has modified his somewhat eccentric elocution, will be a good Lord Knowlesford. The great feature of the piece, however, is the Alexandra of Miss Achurch, a type of Notre Dame des Sept Douleurs, with wan cheeks, hollow eyes, flaming red hair, and the voice of one "whose soul is dead." Both in the earlier scenes, when the woman's whole nature is numbed by her great wrong, and in the later, when she warms into life again—feverish, hysterical life, her new-found love struggling for mastery with her old purpose of revenge—Miss Achurch's acting is extremely powerful. It is true, as so many candid friends have been telling her, that her performance is disfigured by a tendency to certain mannerisms. But these she ought to have no difficulty in throwing off; and, in the meantime, I prefer to recognise the genuine talent which underlies them.

At the Court we have a new "farcical romance" by Mr. Pinero—*The Amazons*. This makes its account out of the ludicrous complications which may conceivably arise when foolish parents bring up their girls as boys. The three ladies Belturbet are dressed, and addressed, as boys, box and shoot like boys, and, until they are on the brink of womanhood, think as boys. It was their mother's fault. When she was brought to bed of her first girl, the disappointed father whispered in her ear, "D—n it, Maria, you've lost a whole season's hunting for nothing," and the poor lady could never forgive herself. Her only resource was to fly in the face of Nature, and make the girls as like boys as she could. These gynandrous humours might, in clumsy hands, be perilous, but not so in Mr. Pinero's, who has the lightest of fingers and a true instinct for the wholesome. Of course, the three girls—Miss

Lily Hanbury, Miss Ellaline Terriss, and Miss Pattie Browne—find three lovers, Mr. Fred Kerr (the well-groomed, athletic type of young Englishman), Mr. Elliott (a Gallic Anglomaniac), and Mr. Weedon Grossmith (an aristocratic *crétin*), and, after some hours of unfailing drollery, mamma allows the piece to end by accepting the defeat of her scheme with a good grace. Perhaps Mr. Pinero has beaten out the one idea of his farce rather thin: the work is hardly to be described as *succi plenum*. Perhaps, too, it is more of a prolonged romp than a play. But it would be ungrateful to pick holes in a piece which has kept me in convulsions of laughter from dinner to bed-time. A. B. W.

THE DEVILS ON THE NEEDLE.

. . . "these things are life:
And life, some say, is worthy of the Muse."

THERE is a famous query of the old schoolman at which we have all flung a jest in our time: *How many angels can dance on the point of a needle?* In a world with so many real troubles it seems, perhaps, a little idle to worry too long over the question. Yet in the mere question, putting any answer outside possibility, there is a wonderful suggestiveness if it has just happened to come to you illuminated by experience. It becomes a little clearer, perhaps, if we substitute devils for angels. A friend of mine used always to look at it thus inversely when he quarrelled with his wife. Forgive so many enigmas to start with, but it was this way. They never quarrelled more than three times a year, and it was always on the very smallest trifle, one particular trifle, too. On the great things of life they were at one. It was but a tiny point, a needle's end of difference, on which they disagreed, and it was on that needle's end that the devils danced. All the devils of hell you would have said. At any rate, you would have no longer wondered why the old philosopher put so odd a question, for you had only to see little Dora's face alight with fury over that ridiculous trifle to have exclaimed: "Is it possible that so many devils can dance on a point where there seems hardly footing for a frown?"

II.

However, so it was, and when I tell you what the needle's end was, you will probably not think me worth a serious person's attention. That I shall, of course, regret, but it was simply this: Dora *would* write with a J pen—for which it was William's idiosyncrasy to have an unconquerable aversion. She might, you will think, have given way to her husband on so absurd a point, a mere pen-point of disagreement. He was the tenderest of husbands in every other point (save this pen-point). There was nothing that love can dream that he was not capable of doing for his wife's sake. But, on the other hand, it was equally true that there can be no other wife in the world more devoted than Dora; with her also there was nothing too hard for love's sake. Could he not waive so ridiculous a blemish? It was little enough for love to accomplish, surely. Yes, strange as it seems, their love was equal to impossible heroisms; to have died for each other had been easy, but to surrender this pen-point was impossible. And, alas! as they always do, the devils found out this needle's end—and danced. For their purpose it was as good as a platform. It gave them joy indeed to think what stupendous powers of devilry they could concentrate on so tiny a stage.

III.

It was a sad thing, too, that they were able to avoid the subject three hundred and sixty-four days of the year, but on that odd day it was sure to crop up. Perhaps they had been out late the night before, and their nerves were against them. The merest accident would bring it on. Dora would ask William to post a letter for her in town. Being out of sorts and susceptible to the silliest irritation, he would not be able to resist criticising the addressing. If he didn't mention it, Dora would notice his "expression." That would be "quite enough," you may be sure. Half the tragedies of life depend on "expression."

"Well!" she would say.

"Well what?" he would answer, already beginning to tremble.

"You have one of your critical moods on again."

"Not at all. What's the matter?"

"You have, I say. . . . Well, why do you look at the envelope in that way? I know what it is, well enough."

"If you know, dear, why do you ask?"

"Don't try to be sarcastic, dear. It is so vulgar."

"I hadn't the least intention of being so."

"Yes, you had. . . . Give me that letter."

"All right."

"Yes, you admire every woman's writing but your wife's."

"Don't be silly, dear. See, I don't feel very well this morning. I don't want to be angry."

"Angry! Be angry; what does it matter to me? Be as angry as you like. I wish I had never seen you."

"Somewhat of a *non sequitur*, is it not, my love?"

"Don't 'my love' me. With your nasty cool sarcasm!"

"Isn't it better to try and keep cool rather than to fly into a temper about nothing? See, I know you are a little nervous this morning. Let us be friends before I go."

"I have no wish to be friends."

"Dora!"

William would then lace his boots, and don his coat in silence, before making a final effort at reconciliation.

"Well, dear, good-bye. Perhaps you will love me again by the time I get home."

"Perhaps I shan't be here when you come home."

"For pity's sake, don't begin that silly nonsense, Dora."

"It isn't silly nonsense. I say again—I mayn't be here when you come home, and I mean it."

"Oh, all right then. Suppose I were to say that I won't come home?"

"I should be quite indifferent."

"Oh, Dora!"

"I would. I am weary of our continual quarrels. I can bear this life no longer." (It was actually sunny as a summer sky.)

"Why, it was only last night you said how happy we were."

"Yes, but I didn't mean it."

"Didn't mean it! Don't talk like that, or I shall lose myself completely."

"You will lose your train if you don't mind. Don't you think you had better go?"

"Can you really talk to me like that?—me?—Oh, Dora, it is not you that is talking: it is some devil in you."

Then suddenly irritated beyond all control by her silly little set face, he would blurt out a sudden, "Oh, very well, then!" and before she was aware of it, the door would have banged. By the time William had reached the gate he would be half-way through with a deed of assignment in favour of his wife, who, now that he had really gone, would watch him covertly from the window with slowly-thawing heart.

So the devils would begin their dance; for it was by no means ended. Of course, William would come home as usual; and yet, though the sound of his footstep was the one sound she had listened for all day, Dora would immediately begin to petrify again, and when he would approach her with open arms, asking her to forgive and forget the morning, she would demur just long enough to set him alight again. Heaven! how the devils would dance then.

And the night would usually end with them lying sleepless in distant beds.

IV.

To attempt tragedy out of such absurd material is, you will say, merely stupid. Well, I'm sorry. I know no other way to make them, save life's own, and I know that the tragedy of William's life hung upon a silly little ink-stained J pen. I would pretend that it was made of a much more grandiose material if I could. But the facts are as I shall tell you. And surely if you fulfil that definition of man which describes him as a reflective being, if you ever think on life at all, you must have noticed how even the great tragedies that go in purple in the great poets all turn on things no less trifling in themselves, all come of people pretending to care for some bauble more than they really do.

And you must have wondered, too, as you stood awestruck before the regal magnificence, the radiant power, the unearthly beauty of those glorious and terrible angels of passion—that splendid creature of wrath, that sorrow wonderful as a starlit sky—you must have wondered that life has not given those noble elementals material worthier of their fiery operation than the paltry concerns of humanity; just as you may have wondered, too, that so god-like a thing as fire should find nothing worthier of its divine fury than the ugly accumulations of man.

At any rate, I know that all the sorrow that saddens, sanctifies, and sometimes terrifies my friend, centres round that silly little J pen. The difference is that the angels dance on its point now, instead of the devils; but it is too late.

A night of unhappiness had ended once more as I described. The long night had slowly passed, and morning, sunny with forgiveness, had come at length. William's heart yearned for his wife in the singing of the birds. He would first slip down into the garden and gather her some fresh flowers, then steal with them into the room, and kiss her little sulky mouth till she awoke; and, before she remembered their sorrow, her eyes would see the flowers.

It was a lover's simple thought, sweeter even than the flowers he had soon gathered.

But, then, reader, why tease you with transparent secrets? You know that Dora could not smell the flowers.

You know that Death had come to dance with the devils that night, and that Dora and William would quarrel about little "J" pens no more for ever.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MISS MARSDEN'S TRAVELS IN NEW ZEALAND AND SIBERIA.

Sir,—I hope you will allow me an opportunity of correcting a mis-statement which appeared in your journal last week, and which does me a serious injustice. In the course of an article on my book your reviewer says, "And we cannot help remembering that certain articles of Miss Marsden's on her New Zealand experiences, which read prettily enough in a London periodical, were sternly denounced by colonial editors as mere romance." I beg to say that I have never written any articles on my New Zealand experiences.

It is probable that your reviewer has in his mind a series of papers which appeared in a London periodical, after my departure from England in September, 1890, and which were based, to a considerable extent, on rough details supplied by me to a lady journalist. I did not see these articles until my return to England last year. I understand now that I ought to have corrected some of the details at once; but about eighteen months had elapsed since their publication, and I thought it was too late to do anything in the matter.

It is news to me that colonial editors denounced these statements "as mere romance." Had I known this I should certainly not have rested until I had repudiated these "fairy tales." I am beginning to fear that the articles must have done me much harm, and I may also be able to trace to them some of the extraordinary rumours afloat concerning me.

I am sorry that your reviewer, doubtless prejudiced by the articles in question, discredits the horrors related about the Siberian lepers. I assert most emphatically that my description of the horrors is true, except that I have refrained from recounting details scarcely fit for general reading. I think your reviewer must have overlooked "Protocol No. 3," and the "Medical Inspector's Report," included in the Appendix.—I am, Sir, yours etc.,

KATE MARSDEN.

March 8, 1893.

THE ULSTER FIRE-EATERS AND "TOMMY ATKINS."

Sir,—In all the tall talk which we hear about Ulster fighting if Home Rule should be carried, there is nothing said of "Tommy Atkins," yet surely the British soldier is a very important personage in the programme. There cannot be a *fight* without two parties, and it is not to be supposed that the Lord-Lieutenant will allow a Nationalist army to be formed under his very nose, merely to oblige the Ulster fire-eaters with a typical opponent. The only possible combat will be between rebellious Orangemen and the Irish Constabulary, supported by the regulars in case of need. The very moderation of the Home Rule scheme leaves the armed forces of the country entirely at the disposal of the British Government. Even the Constabulary remains under direct Imperial control. What, then, is the meaning of the bluster about *fighting* the new state of things when once it has been legally established? Do they really mean to fire on Tommy Atkins? I trow not; yet what else can these wild words imply?

Now, quite apart from the mischief of such idle talk in provoking angry feeling and in embittering the political situation, it is a grave matter for English statesmen of experience and position to play with such dangerous ideas. Of course, no one can suppose that Lord Salisbury, however vexed or disappointed, would encourage the Orangemen to fire on the Queen's red-coats; yet what else can many of the threats from Ulster mean? It is a ticklish thing to go over there and stir up still fiercer excitement at an exciting time like this. Let us hope, for the honour of Conservative statesmanship, that there will be a distinct disavowal of all encouragement to use illegal violence if legally beaten in Parliament on the Home Rule question.—I am, Sir, obediently yours,

J. E. H. S.

Temple, E.C., March 6, 1893.

PAYMENT OF MEMBERS.

Sir,—Though I believe that payment of Members of Parliament will have mischievous results, I can quite understand that the arguments in its favour may to many persons seem convincing. But what I cannot think defensible, or even decent, is that present Members should make such payment applicable—not merely to future Members, but to themselves. The Standing Orders forbid a Member of a Committee on a private Bill to vote on it, even when unopposed, if he is in any way interested in it. No Member was ever so deeply interested in any private Bill as many of those now in the House are in obtaining a salary. How can they consider the proposal on its merits, and with a view to the permanent interest of the country, if they are voting money straight into their own pockets? Such want of delicacy will assuredly do much to increase the "contempt for Parliament," the growth of which you deplore in your last number. It is understood that the Prime Minister desires to limit payment to Members who have a less income than £400 a year. I hope he will not allow himself to be pushed any further by deputations, round-robins, or even sturdier forms of importunity. But I would suggest that a more effectual and wholesome limitation would be to provide that no Member shall be entitled to claim a salary unless *before his nomination* he shall have made a formal declaration of his intention to apply for it if elected. It is a point on which electors have a right to be informed before recording their votes.—I am, etc.,

E. S. BEESLY.

53, Warrington Crescent, W., March 8, 1893.

PREMONITION.

SHE sat upon the cottage stair,—
A tender child of three,
And washed and dressed with wisest care
The doll upon her knee.

And we, who wist not why there grew
In Annie's baby eyes
That little clouding of the blue,
That shade of awed surmise,

Remembered, in the darken'd room,
Where yesterday we took
My Annie's new-born babe, on whom
Her eyes might never look. Q.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

English Literature in Essence.

THE four volumes of "The English Poets" which Mr. Humphry Ward edited for Messrs. Macmillan, and to which, as everybody knows, Matthew Arnold contributed a general introduction and two or three imperishable essays in criticism, are now being followed up by a series of "English Prose Selections." Mr. Henry Craik is the editor; and his first volume of selections, ranging from the fourteenth to the end of the sixteenth century, has appeared with an exemplary introduction on "The Earlier History of English Prose," by Mr. W. P. Ker. Lucid without being showy, in tone judicial without a suspicion of dulness, this essay could hardly be bettered. Mr. Ker makes all his points without effort, yet leaves us in no danger of forgetting them: and they are just the points that ought to be remembered. The lack of distinction in early English literature, which by way of compensation gives the modern student a better notion of the average culture of the times—of the "common-sense and commonplaces of Western civilisation"—than he could acquire from writings more exalted and original; the work of popular instruction which English prose had to perform, and its consequent wealth of translations; the difficulties and temptations of its first artificers; the inherent melancholy of mediæval writings: the vulgar error of insisting upon the romance and forgetting the rationality of the Middle Ages—these points, deftly brought out and deftly insisted on, make very easy and thoroughly profitable reading on a subject of which the profit is often far, and the ease altogether, to seek.

I have laid stress on the excellence of Mr. Ker's essay both for its own sake and because the value of the essays in this collection, as well as in "The English Poets," seems to me oddly disproportionate to the value of the collections themselves. In calling them "pompous introductions to nothing" I might be misapprehended. No one but a fool would contend that Keats or Shelley are unworthy of Matthew Arnold's introductory studies; but a sensible man may hold that these studies, which would be admirably placed before a complete and careful edition of Keats or Shelley, are wasted on a few snippets from Keats or Shelley and on the not very thorough-going or dignified work which is all that these snippets can possibly accomplish. If I were asked to find a name for this work, it would be "University Extension with the Chill Off." But the editor and his merry men may in fairness be left to define their own purposes.

"The object of this collection," says Mr. Craik, "is to show the growth and development of English prose, by extracts from the principal and most characteristic writers. . . . It is thought that the specimens thus brought together may prove useful to the student of our literature, as a supplement to the histories of that literature." Does the reader recognise the latter-day trick of thought in this sentence? We no longer study histories of literature as a supplement to the study of the authors themselves; but we read the authors (in short but elegant extracts) as a supplement to the histories. We read *about* books, and if after a feast of secondhand information we find appetite left for a little genuine literature, then here is Mr. Craik to serve us a few delicacies, on toast. Over and over again in these columns I have pointed out the fallacies that are the rotten foundations of our New Learning—the learning that substitutes handbooks for art and letters, and trots panting sciolists around the country to relieve us of the burden of independent thought. And here is one of the fallacies again, and a fine specimen. To be sure, Mr. Ker, who follows Mr. Craik, is more guarded:—

"In a book like this, which might be compared to a sculptured procession in bas-relief of orators and sages, one is forced to take a historical view, to consider the writers in their general relations to one another, and to the whole of English history. Elsewhere and at other times they may be studied more minutely, each for his own individual sake."

I like that comparison of "a sculptured procession in bas-relief." It really does excellently well for the book before us, for in a bas-relief you see only one side of the object represented, and not very deeply at that. But we may be thankful for Mr. Ker's concession that "elsewhere and at other times" the great English prose-writers "may be studied more minutely, each for his own individual sake." For that is what we shall continue to do until the apostles of the New Learning cease from propagandism and take to persecution. But for those who prefer the "historical view," these volumes of prose snippings in Mr. Ker's judgment "do the historian's work for him better than he can do it himself"—which, when you come to think of it, damns the modern historian as prettily as his dearest foe could desire.

But after this neat backhander at his friends, Mr. Ker makes a poor feint of squaring up to his real opponents:—

"There are sceptics and nominalists who say that it is abstract futility to talk of the 'progress of poesy,' or the history of English thought; that the real existences are not poesy, or thought, but poets and thinkers; that the historian, when he tries to be philosophical and bring in his cunning apparatus, his 'evolution' and his 'environment,' is merely setting his petards to an open door. If those sceptics are wrong and to be confuted, they will be confuted, not by argument from the philosophical historian (to which they will not listen), but by the gradual and tentative creation, in the minds of readers, of a picture of literary succession, such a picture as is sketched out in these volumes, where one author is set off against his fellow, and where groups of authors compare themselves with other groups."

But really, Mr. Ker, this will not do. As "sceptics and nominalists" who hold English literature to be a concrete body of work written by real men in the English tongue, I and my fellows are quite ready to listen to your arguments; but to confute us you must, I'm afraid, go through the process of confutation. And we demand, if you please, to be tried by a jury of our peers, and not by a rabble of "University Extensionists." You have no more right to claim a confutation of our arguments by a "gradual and tentative creation of a picture of literary succession" in the intellects of the people to whom this book is addressed than you would have to claim a confutation of the laws of gravity by bemusing a village Sunday-school into the belief that Australasians walk on their heads. That writers are influenced by their "environment," if you choose to call it so; that they are swayed by current fashions in thinking and speaking; that they emulate each other's achievements, imitate and try to improve upon each other's discoveries; and that by incessant practice, imitation, selection and rejection their prose has, in ten centuries, advanced towards dexterity and finish by degrees that may, for purposes of convenience, be labelled by literary historians—all this, as far as I am aware, is not denied by any man of sense. But when you exalt prose (with a capital P) to the height of a Platonic Idea, and endow your abstraction with Organic Growth, and explain Organic Growth by something like Apostolical Succession, then we ask for proof. It seems that you prefer to rest your case on the suffrages of the half-educated.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

THE GENESIS OF RELIGION.

THE HIBBERT LECTURES, 1892, ON THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF RELIGION AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE RELIGION OF THE ANCIENT HEBREWS. By C. G. Montefiore. London: Williams & Norgate.

THIS is a most excellent Hibbert lecture, scholarly yet interesting, at once learned and bright, careful in its details, bold in criticism, yet governed by a constructive purpose. Here we have ancient Hebraism interpreted by a modern Hebrew, yet one learned in all the wisdom and skilled in all the critical arts of the Gentile. The author confesses that "in matters of religion" he owes to the Master of Balliol "more than to any other living man." And we may say that the genius of Balliol is the spirit of the work; yet it is the genius enlarged and informed, emancipated as it were by study in other and more constructive schools. For seven out of the nine lectures these schools have been mainly Gentile; for part of the eighth and the body of the ninth they have been mainly Jewish. Criticism is a great reconciler. Scholars who study a history or a literature simply as scholars, are bound either to approximate in their interpretations or to differ for reasons that unite in method and professed aim. Those critical processes that are restoring the Old Testament to history are also compelling men of all schools to feel that their supreme interest in it is the discovery of the truth. And, significantly, where the critical process is most complete the approximation is most marked; where the difference sharply emerges is where we step outside the Old Testament books into the province of the extra- or post-canonical. Once this later and more purely Jewish literature has been as carefully sifted and criticised as the earlier, Mr. Montefiore's attitude may be rather less polemical and apologetical.

These lectures may be described as a history of Old Testament religion based on the newest criticism of the Old Testament. Their standpoint and method are those of the post-Graafian criticism as a whole. According to it, the first fixed point for the critic is the prophetic literature of the eighth century B.C. Here he touches firm ground, for he finds authentic contemporary documents; and he can study Israel through the eyes of the men whose words still survive to tell what they saw. Amos, Hosea, and Isaiah do for the Old Testament what Paul does for the New. The Epistles of the latter are the most authentic and descriptive voice that proceeds from the bosom of the primitive Church. There may be discussion and difference as to the date and authorship of every other book in the New Testament; there can be none as to those of the great Pauline Epistles. And in these we have the time so perfectly mirrored that we can live in it almost as the author lived; measure the forces and judge the persons that surrounded him; working back to the antecedent history, and forward to the subsequent literature. So, though the problem is indefinitely harder and more complex, the literary prophets of the eighth century are eye-witnesses who still speak. We have their words, and so know their world with a knowledge real, though only partial. This world does not know the Levitical code; knows Jehovah and His people, but not the elaborate Judaism of Jerusalem and the later Temple. From the solid ground of this known world the critic works his way backward through a growing twilight and over broken paths to the birth-time of the religion; and forward through light that ever increases, though crossed by bands of darkness, to the end of the literature and the history. In this work the critic has before him a twofold task—a literary and an historical. The literary is to determine the order and reason and dates of the various books constituting the Old Testament, or even the materials they have employed; the historical is to discover the evolution of the religion, the course, causes, and order of its development. Each critical process is at once corrective and supplementary of the other, and the new criticism of the Old Testament literature means a new history of the Old Testament people.

Of course, a book like this presents so broad a surface to the critic that he has difficulty in selecting points for examination and discussion. Its tendency may be said to be to find the latest possible dates for the sacred books. The drift of criticism has made this inevitable, with this rather anomalous result, that the least known period in the history of Israel is becoming to the historian the greatest in literary activity and productivity. Thus not only Chronicles, Ecclesiastes, and many Psalms, but the earlier chapters of Proverbs and the Book of Job are here made to fall within the Grecian period. This seems to us very improbable: Job appears, alike by its problem, matter, and style, older than the second Temple, and earlier even than the deutero-Isaiah. We feel as if the author's literary was not always consistent with his historical criticism. We dislike the rather hard and, we must add, antiquated rationalism of his account of the finding of Deuteronomy and its presentation to Josiah. There is no need for a theory that so savours of conspiracy and fraud. May not the creative and imaginative spirit that conceived the ideal of the prophetic law and embodied it in so worthy a form, have made it his offering to the Lord? and may it not have come as much as a discovery and revelation to the priest as to the King? We think, too, that he often seeks causes of growth or change without when he could with more reason find them within. Thus, when he follows Kuenen in tracing prophecy to a Canaanitish origin, he seems to us to do violence to history, and even to miss elements essential to the evolution of the religion. We are more inclined to regard the priesthood, especially in its historical form and in the antecedents that made the historical form possible, as alien or borrowed, and prophecy as native. As Mr. Montefiore himself points out, the oldest Hebrew priesthood was one natural rather than official—*i.e.*, the chief or king, the patriarch or father, was the person who sacrificed and represented God before men, men before God. And when the priest first appears he is more of a seer—a man who is, in a sense, the mouth of Jahveh and through whom his oracles come—than a celebrant or officiant. Later the action of the surrounding religions changes this giver of oracles into an offerer of sacrifices or a mediator; but his original function, enlarged and ennobled, appears as the prophetic. And the prophet rather than the priest is the servant of Jahveh, the efficient force in the development of his religion. Mr. Montefiore makes Moses its author; with him it may be said to begin, but he appears in history and tradition as prophet rather than as priest. And this is connected with the character of Jahveh and of the Jahvistic religion; for in proportion as a religion is moral it must be prophetic; the reign of the priest is always coincident with the decay of the ethical. In the history of religions prophecy is, but the priesthood is not, the peculiar creation of Israel; and the conflict between the two orders is always the conflict between the ethical and the non-ethical elements in the worship. The solution that was reached was the incorporation of the moral in the ceremonial, with the result that the ceremonial grew to a mountain, while the moral was correspondingly reduced. But the distinctive and universalising element in Jahvism was the prophetic or moral; the more it exalted the conception of God, the wider and more progressive the religion grew, while the priestly element was conservative, restrictive, creating institutions which seemed to embody, but really particularised and cancelled, the prophetic. Prophecy, then, seems to us coincident with the religion, but priesthood a more alien and variable thing, effecting change within in the very degree that it was influenced from without.

One of the most interesting questions raised in these lectures is that touching the "teleology" of the Old Testament. Mr. Montefiore holds that as "Chris-

tianity and Judaism are both living forces, changing their character from age to age, all teleologies alike become increasingly inadequate." We confess ourselves unable to see any necessary connection between the premiss and the conclusion. That Christianity and Judaism both live and suffer change may be reasons for rather than against a "teleology." It is here as in natural science; when Darwin formulated the theory of development, design in nature was said to have received its death-blow, and now men argue that development applied to sacred literature and history makes an end of Old Testament teleology. But the result has been the same in both cases; mechanical and artificial design has disappeared, but in its place we have an immanent teleology. Nature moves towards mind, and mind is the interpretation as well as the interpreter of nature. The Old Testament struggles towards an ethical monotheism, and to write the history of its books and its people is only to exhibit the process by which the monotheism was, if not attained, yet made possible. The process begins with the entrance of the belief in Jahveh into the Hebrew mind, and its progress is marked by the rise of ethical ideas and relations, with the consequent necessity of expressing or realising them alike in life and character, in society and the State. The difference between the prophetic and priestly conceptions of God has a corresponding difference in their conceptions of worship and the religious society. The tendency of the one is to find a political and social ideal that shall embody the faith in a one and only God; the tendency of the other is to accommodate the faith in such a God to a particular polity and ceremonial. Both tendencies work under conditions that are now those of antagonism and now those of coincidence; but the priestly, as the more concrete and the better organised, wins the people and creates the State. Yet the prophetic accomplishes the greatest things in the literature, makes the ideas the other tendency is fain to borrow and assimilate, though in order to do so it has to narrow and particularise them. According to this teleology the Old Testament has a relation to both Judaism and Christianity. In the one the prophetic universalism finds its end; in the other the political and ceremonial particularism logically terminates. It is remarkable that the written antecedents of Christianity are prophetic rather than priestly, the deutero-Isaiah —the high-water mark of ethical monotheism—affecting the material and spirit of its faith more than either the Mosaic or the historical or the devotional books, or even than all these put together; while the law that is its antithesis is not so much the written as the oral law, or at least it is an oral that contained and enlarged the written. In this aspect we must say that Mr. Montefiore seems to us distinctly unjust to Paul. He judges the apostle from a single element in his many-sided antithesis to the law; and he misses the real essence of his thought, both historical and theoretical. The antithesis of the letter and the spirit was only a correlative to the antithesis of the particular and universal, and both consequences of the conception of God he had attained through Jesus Christ. The law he opposed was indeed more the law of the Schools than of Moses, but it was as law incorporated in a system, enforced, living, making demands on men, not law with its ceremonial enactments transfigured into ethical symbols. He saw it restricting the promises and the grace of God to a special people and its special institutions, and in the interests of the absolute ethical monotheism he had received, he broke through it and pleaded for a polity or social ideal that should be a fit vehicle for his faith. And for inspiration and warrant he turned to the greatest of all the prophetic writers, developing his monotheism into a universal religion. In Judaism the regulative idea is the law, but in Paul the regulative idea is the One and All-gracious God; and his polemic is not to be understood as directed simply against law as ceremonial and outward, but as against a legal system which set limits to the sovereign mercy of God. The political and national or legal forces in the Old Testament created Judaism; the prophetic and ethical created Christ; but the former achieved a signal victory over the latter when they returned in the guise of Catholicism into the bosom of the Church, so continuing on a fresh field and on a vaster scale the ancient controversy of the prophet and the priest as to God and religion.

But we cannot follow the subject or the book further. In parting with it we must express anew our sense of its literary excellence and critical fairness. It is very radical; its conclusions on many points are sure to be modified; but one thing is clear—modern criticism has not, any more than modern science, got rid of teleology, and where it is there is room not only for the action of God, but for a complete and living doctrine of revelation and the religion it creates.

A MISLEADING HISTORY.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT: TOGETHER WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE PARLIAMENTS OF SCOTLAND AND IRELAND. By G. Barnett Smith. London: Ward, Lock, Bowden & Co.

MR. BARNETT SMITH appears to be blissfully ignorant that he does not possess any of the qualifications of a historian. As an honest compiler he is all very well in his way, but his details are apt to be blurred and ragged, and he never rises to any general conception of the growth and development of his subject. Of Parliament as the echo of the voice of an expanding society he has little or nothing to say, and, unfortunately, he is so dependent upon the work of other writers for the details in which he delights, and so incapable of estimating the value of authorities, as to produce very extraordinary results.

A fair example of Mr. Barnett Smith's work appears almost at the beginning of his book (i., 4).

"The ancient Britons," he says, "possessed their *commune concilium*, or Parliament, which framed laws for the people." For this statement Mr. Barnett Smith gives a reference to Sir Henry Spelman, as if Spelman's authority were worth a rush in a matter of this kind. He then proceeds to quote Cæsar, according to whom, he says, "Cassivelaunus was elected by a *commune concilium* of the states." No doubt Cæsar is a better authority than Spelman, but then Cæsar says nothing of the sort. He does not mention "the states"; and he spells *consilium* with an "s," not with a "c"—meaning that Cassivelaunus was invested with power to lead the tribes against Cæsar by common consent. Next Mr. Barnett Smith asserts that "the Britons would certainly seem to have enjoyed liberty, to have been their own legislators, and to have had power to remove for cause their executive." This is based on a letter from Pope Eleutherus to Lucius, whom he describes as "one of the kings of Britain in the second century." If Mr. Barnett Smith will take the trouble to refer to the article on Lucius in the "Dictionary of Christian Biography," he will find that competent scholars are agreed that the letter was a forgery, and that Lucius never existed.

It would be easy to multiply instances of the same kind of looseness of handling. There was, for instance, as every historian knows, a controversy in the reign of James I. on the king's right to levy customs without a Parliamentary grant. In the course of this controversy appeal was frequently made to the great statute of *Confirmatio cartarum*. That statute, according to Mr. Barnett Smith, "expressly established that no money could be raised from the subject without the consent of the states." What is the use of giving us a mere paraphrase? The exact words of the statute are wanted, because they were ambiguous—or were, at least, held by the Crown lawyers of the day to be so. To imagine that Crown lawyers could have even an arguable case is, however, the last thing which Mr. Barnett Smith is able to conceive.

Of the author's inability to deal with the larger issues of an event, his treatment of the dismissal of Lord Palmerston from the Foreign Office in 1851 is an instructive example. It is generally recognised that the controversy which led to it was not merely one between the Queen and a Minister, but between the Cabinet and a Minister who, being a member of it, insisted on acting independently. Any constitutional writer who does not touch on this, fails to instruct where he ought to instruct. It is needless to say that Mr. Barnett Smith confines himself to a bare mention of the facts without conveying any instruction whatever. Mr. Barnett Smith's failure to weave together his details with any broad view of the national movement, renders his account of the Tudor Parliaments singularly unimpressive. Unfortunately, in dealing with the Stuarts, he attempts to generalise without sufficient knowledge. Not only, it appears, could the kings of that race do nothing right, but their misconduct was not even to be palliated on the ground that they imagined themselves to be acting within the powers exercised by their predecessors. In his account of the trial of Charles I.—which is, on the whole, fair—Mr. Barnett Smith says that his accusers gave the king "the opportunity of at least repelling the charges against him, but he, knowing that he had no real answer to those charges, persistently denied the authority of the court." Mr. Barnett Smith is probably the first person to suggest that Charles ever doubted his own capacity to answer any charge whatever. Mr. Barnett Smith's industry is beyond dispute. It is his failure, as Turner would have said, to "mix his colours with his brains" which has led to such an unfortunate result. He has produced neither a good cram-book nor a good history.

FOLK-LORE MADE EASY.

STRANGE SURVIVALS: Some Chapters in the History of Man. By S. Baring-Gould, M.A. London: Methuen.

MR. BARING-GOULD was known as a folk-lorist and a retailer of folk-tales long before he was known as a novelist. His art of essayist, although on such a favourite subject as folk-lore, cannot, however, be compared to his art of fiction, pure and simple. He will neither, we should judge, please quite the difficult race of folk-lorists nor the more popular audience that reads for amusement, in his present volume of "Strange Survivals." It wants something of art on the one hand, and something of science on the other. The materials are both entertaining and good in themselves; but they are loosely compounded for the most part in these essays on "Foundations," "Beds," "Ovens," "Dolls," "Broadside Ballads," and the like. They ramble on discursively, like a village sermon, that ends when its allotted quarter- or half-hour is up, and has no other law—save, indeed, that of being consistently biblical.

Mr. Baring-Gould's method has, at any rate, the merit of an exceeding simplicity; and we are glad to see that he avoids the absurd technical slang of the more portentous folk-lorists; which is, perhaps, as good as to say that he has the qualities of his defects. He sins on occasion, however. In talking of the traditional four-poster bed, he says it "derives from the North"—using "derive" as an intransitive verb. This is in his paper on "Beds"—one of the most suggestive in the volume—in which he traces back the four-poster to those old *lokrekkjur*, or *lokhvilur*, the press-beds in the Scandinavian halls, which were reserved for the master of the house and his chief guests, and which were bolted from within for the better security of sleep in those warring times. "The reader will remember," says the author, "the graphic description in 'Wuthering Heights' of a very similar close-bed of boards as used in Yorkshire. That Yorkshire bed was a lineal descendant from the *lokhvila* of the Scandinavian colonists of Northumbria." The present reviewer has seen just such beds around the walls of a shepherd's bothie in the Cheviots. But Mr. Baring-Gould carries us back farther than to the Saga times of Scandinavia. "It has been supposed," he says, "that the cromlechs, or dolmens, and the kistvaens, represent the ancient dwellings of the neolithic men. I do not think so. The position of the bodies shows that they were intended, not as dwellings, but as beds,"—that is, of course, graves. "Under Brown Willy, the highest point of the Cornish moors, is one long kistvaen, and beside it a tiny one for the baby—the mother's bed and the cradle, side by side, for the long night of death."

Another chapter, on "Ovens," is full of curious lore. Possibly the author is a little too fanciful, though, in his genesis of the old-fashioned bee-hive brick-oven. He tells the story of Thormod (from the Fostbræthа Saga), who, having done murder, took refuge with an old woman in her bee-hive hut. When his pursuers came, she lit a fire, and filled the hut with smoke, so that it could not be seen who was within. But one man climbed on the roof, and pulled the plug out of the chimney hole, whereupon the smoke was cleared away. These circular huts in time gave way to square ones; but the peculiar advantage of the former was not forgotten—that, namely, they retained heat for a great length of time. "If human beings had been baked and boiled within—why not their bread and their meat? . . . So the next step was to build the bee-hive hut on a smaller scale for the sake of boiling and stewing." Mr. Baring-Gould describes an ancient domestic settlement, exhumed by him on the edge of Trewortha Marsh, on the Cornish moors, in which the houses were all oblong, but with smaller huts, attached to whose walls bee-hive ovens, exactly similar in design to the old bee-hive huts, were discovered. Without exhuming archaic settlements, one may find, whether in Cornish villages, as Mr. Gould tells us, or in old Welsh farmhouses, any number of examples of the same thing. What might seem to corroborate the theory of their derivation from the living-huts of an earlier period, in some parts of Wales may be found detached brick ovens of considerable size, capable of holding the whole week's baking of one hamlet. In the vernacular, such a bee-hive oven is simply known as a "pobty" or "bakehouse."

From beds to bakehouses, from bakehouses to house-gables, from gables to the gallows, Mr. Baring-Gould leads us on lightly enough in his selections of folk-lore made easy. The gallows—which Mr. Henley glorifies with characteristic vigour, in his "Carmen Patibulare," as both the most primal and final of institutions—appear less primitive as a British bulwark in Mr. Baring-Gould's account than Mr. Henley poetically imagines:—

> "But Tree, Old Tree of the Triple Bough,
> And the ghastly Dreams that tend you,
> Your growth began with the life of Man,
> And only his death can end you:
> They may tug in line at your hempen twine,
> They may flourish with axe and saw,
> But your taproot drinks of the Sacred Springs
> In the living rock of Law."

"There were no gallows in Britain," says our author, "under the Celts." (We notice, by the way, that he veers from C to K in his spelling at different times of this most debateable of words and peoples.) "The kingdom of Kent was founded in 449, and it was then that the gallows first made their appearance among us." The relation of the gallows to the wheel, as an instrument of death, and the relation of both to certain pre-historic world-trees and solar wheels, might lead us on to a profound leap into the more remote gulfs of folk-lore. But it is the hard necessity of the reviewer to stop short just as he is beginning to get interested. Let him end here—impertinently, perhaps—in suggesting to Mr. Baring-Gould a pre-historic romance with its chief scene on the borders of Trewortha Marsh, in which his abundant folk-lore shall be dramatically combined *à la* "Mehalah"

FICTION.

LENA'S PICTURE: A Story of Love. By Mrs. Russell Barrington. Two vols. Edinburgh: Douglas. 1892.

THE DANCE OF THE HOURS. By the Author of "Véra." London: Methuen & Co.

SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT. By Beatrice Harraden. London: Lawrence & Bullen.

AN EASTER VACATION. By Moira O'Neill. London: Laurence & Bullen.

"LENA'S PICTURE" is a very remarkable book, classify it as we may. If the reader refuse to give to it the title of novel or romance, we will not quarrel with him. Of outward story there is little or none: of inward story, of adventures of the heart and spirit in an ideal life, surely none more beautiful has been written for many a day. This is high praise: if it be too high, we must plead that we write under the spell of the deep impression it has made upon us. On the other hand, we cannot allow that this is a "novel of analysis;" of these we have had enough and to spare, novels which prove that subtlety of thought and exquisiteness of style cannot of themselves suffice for the representation of nature. In one thing, at least, most of these novels of "analysis" agree; that is, in the unlikeness of their contents to living men and women as we know them, in the unlikeness of the dissected fragments to the living organism. "Lena's Picture" is no dissection; Mrs. Russell Barrington knows well that art consists not in analysis but in synthesis, not in a laboured biting-in of the details of the common world but in a vision of life in its most select, its intensest moments: it is a true work of art in that it is a presentation not of processes but of ideal conceptions, and its creator dares to believe that beauty is to be found even in ethics. She is not of the school who, crying "Art for art's sake," are blind to the truth that ethical beauty is the highest kind of beauty, and who only feel strong when dealing with weakness or degradation. Lena Prevost and her brother live an isolated life in a small village in the heart of England—a life made terrible in its isolation by the hereditary curse of insanity which manifests itself again in mother and sister. Rent to the heart by the sufferings they witness, and by the removal from them of those they love, George and Lena conceive it to be their duty never to marry. Lena, however, is drawn from her solitude by her affection for a beautiful, ardent, and generous woman, and she accompanies her new friends to Germany and to Bayreuth. Richly gifted by nature and exquisitely susceptible to music, she is thrown into the society of a young painter of character like her own, and their unselfish and noble love is described with rare insight and delicacy. But as Lena awakens to a happier and fuller life she remembers, and her brother remembers, that marriage was never to be for either of them, and she is torn between her love and her pity, on the one hand, and that which she conceives to be the higher call to renunciation on the other. Whatever the world may think—nay, whatever her lover may think or may say—of her duty in the matter, her own conviction, and the tenacious sense of rectitude which she has inherited from her Huguenot forefathers, forbid her to yield, though two hearts be broken in the conflict. The contrasted character of Lena's friend, Lady Lovat, is also charmingly conceived if not always quite so convincing as the heroine herself. In vividness of portraiture, Mrs. Russell Barrington has not all the cunning of some other novelists, such as Mr. Thomas Hardy or George Eliot. She works on a smaller canvas than these, and has less breadth and ease of presentation: during the first part of the work narration takes the place of action, and the characters are described to us before they are set in motion. Thus we hear about them as we hear stories of somebody else's friends; that is to say, with some coolness. But after reading the book we return to these introductory chapters with the pleasure with which we hear news of friends who have become our own.

Not the least interesting parts of the story are the descriptions of scenery and of music which not only spring from a temperament of unusual sensibility, but also one informed by a highly cultivated intelligence. Many of us who fancy we have thought something upon the principles of art, the laws of beauty and the aspirations of the soul, will find with surprise how easily and happily Mrs. Russell Barrington expresses views on these great subjects which, if not original, are penetrating, eloquent and true. The descriptions of Bayreuth and Rothenburg and the animated discussions on art are not felt as digressions, because they are so artfully used, not only as a background but also as the very atmosphere, the inspiration, of the story.

There are good points in the "Dance of the Hours," but the book is better as a promise than as a performance. The greater part of the story has little to do with the *motif*, which is the passion of a great musician for his work, and the way in which he finds a solace in it under the pressure of misfortune. All this has but a remote connection with the love-story of Dr. Chelstead, or with the bright and life-like sketches of good society of the high financial kind which are to be found in the early chapters of the tale. And then the author has "views" upon the Irish Question, and must needs make the villain of the book the Irish patriot who carried off the Land League accounts in order to baulk the curiosity of Mr. Justice Hannen and his colleagues. Political novels are seldom worth reading; but musical novels into which politics are violently pitchforked are an abomination. We are sorry for it, as the "Dance of the Hours" gives proof of real talent on the part of the author. On the next occasion she will do well to avoid politics, and to construct her plot with care before she begins to write.

The weary reviewer would gladly give a great many ordinary novels for one book like "Ships that Pass in the Night." It brings a breath of fresh air, of real life, of genuine insight into character, into the monotonous world of contemporary fiction. Perusing it, one feels that the book is written not merely from the head but from the heart; and that it teaches lessons which all may learn with profit. Not that it is a didactic "novel with a purpose." From beginning to end it sparkles with an unforced wit, and the reader is drawn on by the interest with which the two chief characters of the story inspire him. Nothing could be simpler than the tale—plot there is none. A little London girl, clever and shrewd, who has led a narrow life in the home of her uncle, a dealer in second-hand books, breaks down in health and is sent to spend the winter in the Engadine. There she meets with the "Disagreeable Man" who is the hero of the story, and who by-and-by becomes her hero also. The book tells us how she conquers the Disagreeable Man, and is conquered herself in turn, and how at the last the little idyll comes to an end, and the ships that have passed in the night and have exchanged friendly signals across the waste of waters are parted in the darkness. That is all. And yet there is so close an observation of human nature in this book, so vivid a delineation of the various forms of human selfishness as they are to be met with at a "health resort," and so perfect a picture of the delightful heroine, that we linger over the volume with a pleasure not to be derived from a score of ordinary novels. It is no ordinary book, nor one which, once read, will easily be forgotten. Its author by this work alone has established a place of her own in the world of letters; and we can believe that she will find other opportunities of exercising the delicate perception and brilliant gifts she undoubtedly possesses.

"An Easter Vacation" recalls those works of the new American school of fiction in which "nothing happens." A master in a public school takes a delicate lad to Devonshire for an Easter holiday. The boy meets an elderly lady cousin there, and, falling ill, is nursed by one of the elderly cousin's

pretty daughters. The schoolmaster falls in love with this young lady, and they are duly married. We are even spared the death of the boy, which at one time seems to be impending. This is all we find in the book—this and a love-affair between the other daughter of the elderly cousin and a cavalry officer. Yet the materials are blended excellently, and the book can be read with a certain amount of satisfaction. Good breeding is the distinguishing characteristic of all the persons in the tale; they talk and act like gentlefolk, and the placid drama in which they take part is played out to the end without a single violent emotion disturbing the equanimity of anyone.

POEMS AND PLAYS.

SAINT PETER: A FRAGMENT, AND OTHER VERSES. By George Bell Doughty. 125, Fleet Street: H. Marshall & Son.

PROMETHEUS BOUND. Translated from Æschylus. By Henry Howard Molyneux, fourth Earl of Carnarvon. London: Murray.

UNDER KING CONSTANTINE. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

POEMS. By Alice Meynell. London: Elkin Mathews & John Lane.

A COUNTRY MUSE. New Series. By Norman R. Gale. London: David Nutt.

ESTHER, LOVE LYRICS, AND NATALIA'S RESURRECTION. By Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. London: Kegan Paul & Co.

SOMNIA MEDICI. First, Second, and Third Series. By John A. Goodchild. London: Kegan Paul & Co.

AMENOPHIS AND OTHER POEMS. By F. T. Palgrave. London: Macmillan & Co.

YEAR BY YEAR. By Mary L. Hankin. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

A FOOL'S "PASSION." By B. E. J. C. London: Eglinton & Co.

"SAINT PETER" is a blank-verse fragment of some length, tolerable in versification and unexceptionable in sentiment, but with nothing to distinguish it from blank verse written by any other cultivated man of average capacity. Some parts are almost a cento of Biblical quotations; others are faint echoes of Tennyson. There is nothing to remark upon in any of the other poems. But there is likewise nothing that jars, and this, considering what one sometimes suffers at the hands of amateur verse-writers, is something to be thankful for.

Translations from the classics—except the few which have themselves become classic—seem to enjoy less favour than they ever did—whether because the taste for such literature has passed away, or because all who really care for it are capable of reading it in the original, we stay not to determine. Lord Carnarvon's translation of the "Prometheus" is, on the whole, accurate, it runs easily, and is fairly readable. There is a slight tendency to expansion of the text; but then, it is difficult to keep the grand Æschylean simplicity from looking bald in English. For instance—

τίς ἀχὼ, τίς ὀδμὰ προσέπτα μ' ἀφεγγὴς,
θεύσυτος, ἢ βρότειος, ἢ κεκραμένη;

becomes—

"What voiceless, fragrant influence
Floats on the air, and steals my sense?
From gods above? From men below?
Or where two different beings grow
In intermediate nature blent?"

We scarcely like "dread Empyrean" for "*δῖος αἰθήρ*," and in "innumerous laugh of ocean waves," the adjective seems to bear the contrary sense to that in which Milton employed it. The speeches of Prometheus to Io are, perhaps, among the best parts of the translation, many of the lines have a Miltonic swing and roll, and "the flaming realms of morn when walks the sun" is a happy enough rendering of "*ἀντολὰς φλογώπας ἡλιοστιβεῖς*." Like Mrs. Barrett Browning, Lord Carnarvon has rhymed the choruses and those parts of the speeches which, in the original, are in choric metre. We have heard this procedure objected to, because there are no rhymes in the original; but till all scholars are agreed as to the scansion of Greek choruses (and that will be never) we see no hope of imitating the original metre—therefore, why should we not do the best we could without it? And, to our taste, rhymed choruses are far more agreeable than unrhymed.

Three blank-verse poems, by an anonymous writer, taken from the less-known parts of the "Morte d'Arthur," and entitled respectively, "Sasyene," "Kathanal," and "Christalan." It is a matter of some surprise that several of the Arthurian legends have been re-fashioned over and over again by our greatest poets, while so much promising stuff still lies unworked in that rich quarry. The three poems before us owe any attraction they may possess to a certain freshness in the material—of which much more might have been made. Of the treatment we can say nothing. Blank verse, on such a subject, could scarcely help abounding in faint Tennysonian echoes, and we catch them here and there; but still, we think the author might have read his "Idylls of the King" to better purpose; and, for the most part, the verse falls as though he had simply counted off the ten syllables on his fingers, with due emphasis on all the even ones.

Among the many rare merits of Mrs. Meynell's verse, not the least is its modest amount. There is no doubt that the Muses have been unkind to women; and it is not to be wondered at, considering how many men are wooing them. Even Mrs. Browning, the most favoured poetess since Sappho, often received very harsh treatment at the hands of the Nine; they could sometimes endure the importunity of her husband, but not hers. Mrs. Meynell never importunes the Muses. She never even lies in wait for them; nor does she greet them when she meets them on her way unless they smile and beckon. Then, indeed, they are most gracious to her; they tell her secrets, and show her visions of the future, and touch her to the finest issues: they are so charmed with her and her unassuming ways, that they actually present her with a little casket of exquisite sonnets—gifts that they bestow very rarely even on men. And they have never forsaken her. When she was a girl they gave her the sweetest, tenderest poem about her own old age; and in her womanhood they told her life's "open secret," a thing they seldom tell—for reasons of their own, doubtless—to their male suitors: it is wrapped up in a sonnet called "Renouncement." Woman's intuitiveness is set to a soft inward melody in Mrs. Meynell's poems, and Mrs. Meynell is a poetess, not to be defined by that frightful compound—"woman-poet." No man could have written her verses.

Mr. Gale, we are afraid, has been importuning this muse. There are plenty of fine, vigorous, thoughtless verses in his new book, but there is nothing quite equal to the best in his former collection. Still, very little of it is without a pleasant personal note, and it is a triumph in its way to have restored to favour for the nonce Colin, and darts, and Cupid. "The Shaded Pool," "Gone into Long Frocks," "A Pastoral," and many of the songs, are the frank poetic utterances of a healthy young fellow who thought that Mrs. Grundy was dead, don't you know. Perhaps the bulk of these pieces are not newer than Mr. Gale's charming first volume. In either case, after thinking it over again, we believe this book to be better than our first remarks might lead the reader to imagine.

Mr. Blunt's "Esther: a Young Man's Tragedy," is an interesting dramatic monologue, written in stanzas of fourteen lines with much grace and skill. The hero is a young man who would fain be Don Juan, but, lacking the strength for it, ends in priggishood. It is a subtle *motif*, and has never been exactly presented before. The implied criticism is as cruel as truth: it is better to have a successful

career as Don Juan, because then your end is cynicism, and, compared with a prig, a cynic is divine. The love lyrics are also all dramatic, supposed apparently to be written by the hero of "Esther." They are really a lament for the ceasing of love; the singer clings to passion, which is fading from him, and sets himself tasks of verse to try and warm himself into a glow. "Natalia's Resurrection" is a little tedious, narrative not being Mr. Blunt's *forte*, but the verse moves easily. This is the curious, provoking work of a fine poetic nature at a transition stage in its development. If Mr. Blunt takes much counsel with himself about his next book, he may fulfil the promise of his first love sonnets; if he attempts again the mood of Proteus, his failure may be disastrous.

It is quite evident from Dr. Goodchild's work that he knows what belongs to poetry, and can always strive to produce it; but he seldom knows when to stop, and goes on draining the dregs and lees of a decanted inspiration. Often, as in all his longer poems, he should never have begun. If, instead of issuing a new edition of his three volumes, Dr. Goodchild had published a selection of the best pieces, we should have given it a warm welcome. One of his poems, "Sister Seraphina," is electrical in its effect. Beginning weakly, it gives in sixteen lines a pendant to Burns's "Holy Willy's Prayer;" it is the most unexpected poem we have read for a long while.

Is it not very dreadful to find the professor of poetry in the University of Oxford rhyming "thwart" and "wrought"? And not less dreadful that he should talk about "sapphirus" and "amethystus" when we have the fine English words "sapphire" and "amethyst." These are slight things, but they indicate two facts: that Mr. Palgrave finds it, in the words of the Silurist, "very hard to write true, unfeigned verse," and that he is often pedantical. In reading these poems, some of which are reprinted from a former volume and the others from magazines, we pass out of the modern world—so busy in the winter of its discontent casting off old clothes, regardless of the adage—into an artificial world of strange orthodoxy where emotion breathes with difficulty, and thought is strangled. The same mood, touched with something of the modern spirit, is to be found in Miss Mary L. Hankin's "Year by Year." Miss Hankin has humour, however, and sees the other side, although only to satirise it. "A Fool's Passion" is a somewhat staggering imitation of "Maud," with force and literary merit enough to deserve honourable mention. With more restraint the author may do something notable.

THE MAGAZINES.

A CERTAIN flatness prevails amongst the magazines this month. They maintain a good average of respectability, but they are in no way startling. To the most timely of the contributions of the *Nineteenth Century*—Mr. Barry's plans for the enlargement of the House of Commons—we refer elsewhere. The number has several other good items, beginning with an article by Mr. Justin McCarthy and Mr. Sexton on the Home Rule Bill. Mr. Sexton strongly criticises the financial proposals, and cites three objections, any one of which, he says, would be sufficient to prevent the Irish Members from accepting these proposals as they stand. The "Aspects of Tennyson" series is continued this month by Mr. Herbert Paul, M.P., who contributes a very brightly written and scholarly article on the Classical Poems. It contains more than one of those humorously epigrammatic turns of expression for which Mr. Paul seems to have a gift of his own. For example, in comparing Milton's with Tennyson's scholarship, and pointing out that Milton is sometimes the servant rather than the master of his learning, he says, "Milton was not infrequently, if one may say so without irreverence, the worse for Latin. Tennyson was the better for everything he read," an admirable as well as a witty piece of criticism. Not always, however, is Mr. Paul's criticism so happily inspired. What does he mean by saying with regard to these two lines from the Lotus Eaters—

> "Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
> Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass"—

that "far more finely and completely than Horace's *pulvis et umbra sumus* they express the idea of death common to Horace and to Homer"? These lines confine the idea of death exclusively, barrenly to the *pulvis*. That surely is neither more Horatian nor more Homeric nor finer than the *pulvis et umbra*. What of the dismal Stygian stream which must be crossed by all, whether kings or rustics, *et domus exilis Plutonia*, where dwell "the unreal Shades"—things referred to in some way in every Horatian mention of death (whatever the little agnostic's private opinion on the subject may have been)? And as for Homer, what of Ulysses' visit to the nether-world, where poor Achilles sighs to be a slave's slave in the light of the sun rather than lord of all those ghosts, and Orion hunts a phantom quarry? Mr. Archibald Forbes reviews an American book on the Waterloo campaign, and vainly endeavours, in conflict with his author, to explain satisfactorily the conduct of Grouchy. Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild writes of the Financial Causes of the French Revolution; the Chief Rabbi, of Jewish Wit and Humour; and the Earl of Meath contributes some interesting, but not very original, impressions of Australia and America. These are about the chief articles on Mr. Knowles's list. The best thing in the *Fortnightly*, from a literary point of view, is Mr. Addington Symonds's essay on the Renaissance, "The New Spirit." One of the most useful and interesting articles, especially just now, is Mr. Charles Hancock's account of the Familistère at Guise, founded by the philanthropic manufacturer M. Godin. Mr. Hancock describes minutely this remarkable experiment in mixed Co-operation and Profit-sharing. Its success is a bright light on the path of believers in Co-operation, though the reply made to Mr. Hancock when he asked why no more of such communities had been established—"Because there are not many M. Godins"—sounds something like an Individualistic gloss upon so (apparently) Collectivist an achievement. Professor Sully discourses pleasantly of "The Dream as a Revelation"—a revelation to us, he means, of our past selves, our "dead selves," and our hidden, undisclosed, unsuspected selves. It is a commonplace that our highly artificial form of social life tends greatly to restrict the sphere of individuality. Our peculiar tendencies get sadly crossed and driven back in the daily collision with our surroundings. The particular personality we have developed, which is all our friends know of us, is a kind of selection from among many possible personalities. Now these undeveloped, rudimentary selves, says Professor Sully, belong to the hidden substrata of our mental being, and they are "very apt to disclose themselves when sleep has stupefied the dominant personality." "What does it matter," concludes the Professor, in quite the spirit of an opium-eater, "that by the cold penetrating light of day we see our dreams to be pretty unsubstantial bubbles, the creations of a sportive brain? Such intervals of scientific disillusion need not deter the wise man from repairing to the nocturnal phantasmagoria as a source of preternatural delight, as an outlet from the narrow and somewhat gloomy enclosure of the matter-of-fact world, giving swift transition into the large and luminous spaces of the imagination." This may be all very well for people who dream nice dreams, but what about those who dream nightmares? Mr. W. Basil Worsfold gives a very agreeable description of Dutch society in Java, from which we gather that these Batavian officials

and planters are for the most part a very superior class. Very important is an account of vaccination against cholera, by Dr. Haffkine of the Pasteur Institute. The Bishop of Bedford discusses the moral and physical deterioration of urban populations, whose continuance he attributes to three main causes—(1) early marriages, (2) the dwellings of the poor, and (3) intemperance. He, nevertheless, thinks that a higher moral tone exists than formerly, and that religion, though it is not more "professed," has a greater hold on the masses than it had. In the *New Review* Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Tom Mann address themselves to the Labour problem. The former places the Eight Hours Question foremost amongst pressing Labour reforms, since it has so important a bearing upon the question of protection against accident and disease. He has no faith in the idea of a Ministry of Labour. He thinks the desire to add new Ministries to a list of Ministries already much longer than that which exists in any other country is simply a case of national "fidgets," and only tends to divert attention from legislation. Some years ago, he points out, the House of Commons passed a resolution in favour of a Ministry of Justice, but the good-sense of successive Governments has ignored the matter. "Statistics can be collected for us without the creation of a new Ministry; and the pressing forward of legislation depends—not upon any particular Minister of a Department, but upon the Prime Minister, backed by the opinion of his colleagues." Mr. Mann states very forcibly several important facts concerning the position of the working classes, though some of his conclusions are rather loose than logical. One of his chief points, by the way—that relating to employment in the Royal Dockyards—has already been met by the Government. Mr. Edward Dicey's article on England in Egypt, in this number, if it were well founded, would be a practical giving away of the whole case for the English occupation. According to him, our reforms there are simply a futile effort to pour new wine into old bottles, to graft on to Oriental character and to customs and ways of thinking as ancient as the Pharaohs, habits and ideas which the Egyptians don't understand and don't want. They are better satisfied with the Cadi's rough-and-ready justice (so long as it is in the main justice) than with our scrupulosity and rules of evidence. This feeling is shared by almost all Egyptians, including Riaz, and nothing will alter it, no matter how long we stay. Mr. Dicey nevertheless thinks we ought to stay in Egypt altogether—not for the good of Egypt, or for the regeneration of its people, but because he thinks it "essential to the vital interests of England." Those who think our occupation of Egypt a grievous danger to our interests, the one weak place in our foreign policy, will, in Mr. Dicey's article, only find arguments for hastening our departure. Among the other articles in the *New Review* is one on Mr. George Meredith as a journalist, the work of some literary resurrectionist who has disentombed some articles which the great novelist contributed many years ago to a small provincial paper which he edited. There is not much interest in these *obiter dicta*: one pities the author who is doomed unprotected to see busybodies revive and editors publish such things. The *Contemporary* is not up to its recent brilliant standard this month, but it contains at least one notable article—a defence of Mr. Freeman against an attack made upon him in the *Quarterly Review*. The defence is the work of Mr. T. A. Archer, and it is very ably done. It proves that the writer of the *Quarterly* attack (who is commonly reputed to be one of the most distinguished of the younger generation of historical scholars) was at least wrong about several of the inaccuracies he attributed to Freeman. The chief one had reference to the question of palisades at the battle of Hastings, and on this point Mr. Archer proves that Freeman is confirmed four times over by Wace.

SOCIALISM FOR THE GENERAL READER.

A History of Socialism. By Thomas Kirkup. London and Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black.

A first-rate history of Socialism has yet to be written. Meanwhile, Mr. Kirkup's handy little volume will supply most students with a great deal that they are not likely to find elsewhere in so compact and clear a form. We miss, however, any adequate account of present-day Socialism—for instance, we cannot find a single word about M. Brousse or M. Allemane, or the disputes between their followers in France. Moreover, there is one aspect of the earlier history of the movement which, so far as we know, nobody has yet dealt with by more than a bare reference. We mean the connexion of the German movement with the philosophy of Hegel (which, be it remembered, was for a time the orthodox philosophy of Prussia, so declared by official authority), and with the successors of Kant: and partly through them with the elaborate and comprehensive bureaucracy of pre-revolutionary Prussia. For, when a post-Kantian philosopher constructs his ideal society he does little more than justify the existent as he understands it. Fichte somewhere, for instance, starting the ultimate principles of a rational political philosophy—based, of course, on the Absolute Ego—deduces the necessity of passports and papers of identification. We believe that anyone who will really work out the connection we have indicated will find plenty of material and reach striking and suggestive results. But Mr. Kirkup has given too much space to sketches of leading German Socialists. We have here the oft-told adventures of Lassalle and his Baroness and his Roumanian (most of which story has nothing whatever to do with Socialism), and the theories of Rodbertus and Marx, but the barest mention only of the Socialists of the Chair; and while we have plenty about St. Simon and Fourier we have a sketch of Proudhon which has a secondhand appearance, but no attempt to indicate (as Mr. John Morley has) how all are a development of the teaching of Rousseau. There are serviceable chapters on the International, Russian Nihilism, and Anarchism, and an estimate of present-day Socialism which, though moderate enough, indicates that Mr. Kirkup is of the faith. In short, the book is serviceable enough as a popular book. But is it not time for something better?

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

Lovers of natural history, especially if they are blest with fancy and humour, are sure to appreciate Mr. Phil Robinson's latest book, "The Poets and Nature." He has already given us volumes which deal with the allusions in poetry to birds and beasts, and in these pages, with many graceful comments and sly asides, he confronts us with what the poets have had to say concerning reptiles, fishes, and insects. At first sight such a theme hardly seems inviting, but Mr. Phil Robinson brings grace of speech, dainty humour, and wide knowledge of nature and of books to its interpretation. The consequence is that those who turn to the book somewhat listlessly, find themselves agreeably disappointed, and presently are caught in the author's toils and led captive by him at his will. At the outset the poets are charged with having brought railing accusations against a number of beautiful creatures; for example, they describe the toad as loathsome and the frog as obscene, whilst the chameleon is scorned as a turncoat and the scorpion dismissed as a traitor. Nearly all the poets except Keats appear to have spoken disrespectfully of the crocodile. Congreve and Savage are responsible for its imaginary tears, and Coleridge and Shelley blacken its record by associating it with hypocrisy. The snake, we are assured—and it has fared ill in tradition—is not half so black as he is painted; but in poetry he is always seen in a malignant aspect. Milton, it is urged, was unfairly prejudiced against the snake, and refused to give it the benefit of a generous doubt; it is typical of cruelty, envy, cunning, and slander, and all along the line of English literature the poets take up their parable against it. The frog has never been a favourite with the poet, and his efforts at song have led to the derisive nickname of "Dutch Nightingale." The fly likewise awakens scorn; he is described as a courtier, a sycophant, a beggar, a trifler, a rhymester, and—perish the thought!—a critic. In fact, the poets regard him as neither more nor less than vermin; but to every rule there is an exception, and, therefore, the dragon-fly is universally extolled in verse. We gather from the book that the

* The Poets and Nature, Reptiles, Fishes, and Insects. By Phil Robinson, Author of "The Poet's Birds," etc. London: Chatto & Windus. Crown 8vo.

Romance of the Wool Trade. By James Bonwick, F.R.G.S., Author of "The Last of the Tasmanians," etc. London: Griffith, Farran & Co. Crown 8vo.

Western Australia and its Gold Fields. By Albert F. Calvert, F.R.G.S., etc. London and Liverpool: George Philip & Son. Crown 8vo. (1s.)

Foreign Relations. By Spencer Walpole, Author of "A History of England from 181-," "The English Citizen: His Rights and Responsibilities." London: Macmillan & Co. Crown 8vo.

The Evolution of Decorative Art. By Henry Balfour, M.A., F.Z.S. Numerous Illustrations. London: Percival & Co. Crown 8vo. (4s. 6d.)

majority of the poets were not learned in natural history, and Cowper and Wordsworth, who spent their lives in the country, are sometimes almost as "delightfully incorrect" as their brother bard, Thomas Campbell, who was somewhat of a fop, and, with a fop's instincts, hung habitually about the town.

"The Romance of the Wool Trade" is a difficult book to describe. Past and present, the old world and the new, jostle each other in its diverting, though scarcely well-written, pages. The legend of the Golden Fleece is, oddly enough, recounted, and much else besides which is strangely familiar—for in truth Mr. Bonwick has wandered far and wide to gather in the realm of fancy, as well as of fact, illustrations of his theme. He is most at home under the Southern Cross, and his descriptions of sheep-farming and wool-gathering in Australasia are undeniably interesting, which, in our judgment, is more than can be said of the book as a whole.

It is true that "Western Australia" is not exactly an El Dorado, but notwithstanding that circumstance Mr. Albert Calvert finds a good deal to urge on its behalf. Its magnitude is impressive, for this vast territory—the largest of all the Australian Colonies—has an area of considerably more than a million square miles; in other words it is nine times the size of England, Scotland, and Ireland put together. On the northern coast the pearl fisheries have gradually grown in importance, and a large fleet of vessels is now engaged in gathering this precious harvest of the sea. The mineral resources of Western Australia have as yet been only partially determined, but they include, as all the world knows, gold, copper, coal, and other hidden treasures. Amongst the trees which grow in abundance are the eucalyptus and the acacia. Fruit-growing, with the allied industries of preserving and drying, is rapidly extending, and it is "reckoned with confidence that Western Australia soon will enter into competition with the world in this regard." The slopes of the Darlin Mountains, which face the Indian Ocean, have been found peculiarly favourable for the cultivation of the vine. Wheat is grown at a fair profit, and barley, oats, and maize yield good returns. Western Australia is certainly not overcrowded, for in June, 1892, the population had not crept up to fifty-six thousand. There is very much land to be possessed, and it can be had at ten shillings an acre: clearly the need is for men and money. Mr. Calvert tells a flattering tale, but we should have liked it none the worse if he had hinted at the drawbacks—for we suppose they must exist—of this Land of Promise. Reckless people should, however, try so favoured a region, for "according to universal experience, exposure to all weathers produces no ill-effects upon the constitution." Alas! outside Western Australia, at all events, "universal experience" points to an opposite conclusion.

More than half a century has passed since the pay of the diplomatic and consular service was placed under the direct control of Parliament, and the significance of such a fact will be obvious at a glance when it is stated that the amount annually spent by the nation in such a direction "exceeds the whole revenue of England in the days of Elizabeth." We are glad to welcome a new and revised edition of the "Citizen" Series—popular manuals which avowedly deal with the details of the English Constitution, and explain the broad lines upon which it has been constructed. Not the least valuable book in the group is "Foreign Relations," by Mr. Spencer Walpole. The first thirty pages indicate in brief but luminous outline the course of the foreign policy of England until it ceased to be determined by considerations based on what old-fashioned diplomatists are still accustomed to call the "Balance of Power." Waterloo settled a good many international questions, and after the downfall of Napoleon, as Mr. Walpole reminds us, the doctrine of non-intervention gradually superseded the old theory of William III., and this country, instead of rushing into every European contest, began to learn that discretion was the better part of valour, wherever the honour of the nation was not directly concerned. Forty years of peace came in the wake of Waterloo, and everywhere the people began to realise their own power, and statesmen of the stamp of Metternich became no longer possible. The interests of dynasties were henceforth to be subordinated to the interests of nationalities, and ten years after Wellington's great victory the "old doctrine that the people existed for the sake of kings" was replaced, in some parts of Europe, by the new doctrine that "the kings existed for the sake of the people." This book not only traces the subsequent course of events, but deals in an interesting way with the duties of ambassadors and consuls. The old doctrine of the Balance of Power has vanished, with much else that is obsolete, from western Europe; but though it is no longer a name to conjure with on the banks of the Scheldt and the Tagus, it has not yet lost its significance on the Danube and the Bosphorus, and "statesmen are still considering how they may maintain in the east the balance, which they have ceased even to desire in the west of Europe." Mr. Walpole does not despair of the day arriving when diplomacy, instead of employing its influence to buttress tottering dynasties, will content itself in exerting its moral authority in the cause of progress.

"The Evolution of Decorative Art" is a fascinating and scholarly monograph, which traces by a direct appeal to

[*Continued on page* 292.

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ON RELIGION. Speeches by Friedrich Schleiermacher. Translated by John Oman, B.D. (Kegan Paul.)

THE TESTIMONY OF THE TEETH. By F. H. Balkwill, V.P.O.S., L.D.S., etc. (Kegan Paul.)

THE GREAT BOOK COLLECTORS. By Charles J. Elton and Mary A. Elton. (Kegan Paul.)

THE ESSAYS OF MONTAIGNE. Done into English by John Florio. The second book. (David Nutt.)

THE SCHOONER "MERRY CHANTER." By F. R. Stockton. New and Cheaper Edition. (Sampson Low.)

SHANDON BELLS. By William Black. Vol. XV. of New and Revised Edition. (Sampson Low.)

AGONIÆ CHRISTI. Sermons by William Lefroy, D.D., Dean of Norwich. *Preachers of the Age.* (Sampson Low.)

THE EVOLUTION OF DECORATIVE ART. By Henry Balfour, M.A., F.Z.S. (Percival.)

THE CHURCH IN THE ROMAN EMPIRE. Before A.D. 170. By W. M. Ramsay, M.A. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE DANCE OF THE HOURS. A Novel. By the Author of Véra. (Methuen.)

THE PLACE OF CHRIST IN MODERN THEOLOGY. By A. M. Fairbairn, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE MARPLOT. A Novel. By Sidney Royse Lysaght. Three Vols. (Macmillan.)

EAST ANGLIA. By J. Ewing Ritchie. Second Edition. (Jarrold & Sons.)

VISITS TO CALVARY. By the Rev. R. T. Jeffrey, M.D. (Maclehose, Glasgow.)

THE EARLY HISTORY OF COFFEE-HOUSES IN ENGLAND. By E. F. Robinson, B.A. (Kegan Paul.)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF AN EMINENT POLITICIAN. Rendered into English from "La Vie Privée de Michel Tessier," by Edouard Rod. Two Vols. (W. H. Allen & Co.)

THE INDIAN EMPIRE. By Sir W. W. Hunter, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., LL.D. M.A. Third Edition. (W. H. Allen & Co.)

SPORT ROYAL, AND OTHER STORIES. By Anthony Hope. (Innes & Co.)

WRECKAGE. Seven studies by Hubert Crackanthorpe. (Heinemann.)

THE FOUR BROTHERS. A Political Romance. (Simpkin Marshall.)

THROUGH STARLIGHT TO DAWN. Poems by A. Ernest Hinshelwood. (Gay & Bird.)

CHRISTIANITY AND THE ROMAN EMPIRE. By W. S. Addis, M.A. *Manuals of Early Christian History.* (B. C. Hare.)

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